

THE
M A N
OF
F A I L I N G:
A T A L E,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

———" Rail not, ye virtuous minds!
" For he, like you, was friendly and sincere
" Tow'rds the cause of Virtue. Now he's shipwreck'd,
" To save thee from that fate: set as a mark,
" To warn thee of dangers, shoals and quicksands,
" Where Virtue oft is lost."———

VOL. I.

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THE
MAN OF FAILING.

A SHORT INTRODUCTION.

AS the Hero of my Tale is more conspicuous than any of his progenitors (unless we reckon up to Noah himself), it would be degrading him, and might incur the censure of our readers, to usher them into the knowledge of the world; suffice it therefore to mention, that his reputed father, Mr. Gabriel Nelson, was a tobacconist in the respectable city of

VOL. I.

B

Bristol;

Bristol; where he acquired a pretty fortune by his industry in that lucrative branch of business; for the excellence of his 'Naster, Virginia, and genuine black rappee, procured him more friends by the nose than any other in the same line of business in that part of the country. This I am induced to believe, from the report of some thousands of old maids and bachelors, and other snuff-takers and tobacco-chewers in the above city; who cannot help regretting, to this day, the infinite loss which their noses, &c. sustained by his retiring from business; which he, good soul, never dreamed of doing, till Death tyrannically entered his tobacco repository,

tory, and banished him to a snug retreat in a country church-yard. Here we shall leave him to his repose, to take up the history of his reputed son, Abel Nelson.

This young gentleman was at a country academy when this event happened. He was then in his fifteenth year, and within a month of finishing his studies. I cannot say of him what has been told of many a learned pedant; viz. "that he made an amazing progress in the several branches of learning, before other youths had learned their horn-book:" No; Abel was rather of a contrary character; for though he had studied the several branches of learning, he knew little more of them than the

name; and, that logic was different from mathematics, and ethics had no connexion with dancing. He was, however, a very amiable youth; for he possessed many social virtues, with only a few vices to counterbalance them. He had a large share of good-nature, and a heart and disposition that were ever ready to oblige; yet, want of exertion, and a natural indolence, generally hindered him from putting his good intentions towards any one in practice.

When Mr. Abel received the first account of his father's death, which was told him very abruptly by the academy usher, he shewed that he was still possessed of the
milkeness

milkeness of human nature, by very liberally shedding tears. His grief affected the honest usher, who began to argue him out of it, by shewing of how little use it would be to his father, who was *tam sapit quam fus mactata*—"as dead as a door-nail"—and how much harm it might do himself, and others, who were still *vivus*.

"Follow me, my dear child,
 "and I will administer a comfort
 "which has sweetened my sorrows
 "upon all occasions."

Abel followed Samuel Syntax, but blubbered by the way, "that nothing could comfort him for the loss of such a beloved parent."—"You are but a novice in
 B 3 "philosophy,

"philosophy (said Samuel, trudging
 "up stairs before him); an
 "hour hence you will be as happy
 "as a prince, and will remember
 "your father as little as if he had
 "been dead a thousand years."

They now entered the usher's
 garret, where, after locking the
 door, Samuel pulled out a couple
 of bottles of red port from behind
 an old folio; observing, "that
 "these companions were very en-
 "livening assistants to a man when
 "studying dead authors. Here, my
 "dear child, drink a few glasses
 "of this, and I'll warrant your fa-
 "ther will trouble you as little as
 "my great grandmother does me."

With a little more pressing, the
 disconsolate Nelson was prevailed
 upon

upon to sip his wine, while Samuel entertained him with the story of his own life and misfortunes.

SYNTAXIAN PHILOSOPHY.

“ This life, Mr. Abel, is made
 “ up of joy and sorrow; and it is
 “ very wisely ordered so; for,
 “ without either, we should have
 “ lingered out a life of wearisome
 “ and uniform sameness; which
 “ is not a good state for such
 “ changeable mortals as we are.
 “ Without sorrow, we should not
 “ have known the exhilarating
 “ pleasures of joy; and *vice versa*,
 “ joy would have become languid
 “ without the frequent pangs of
 “ grief.

“grief. The state between them
“is most esteemed by the bulk of
“mankind; but I am of a contrary
“opinion; for, if my life had not
“been so much chequered by the
“two former, I should have been
“laid as low as your father long
“ago, and never had the happiness
“of drinking your health:
“because, a life of uniform tranquillity
“enervates the vigour of
“our whole system, which will
“soon fall of consequence; but
“the other variegated state, like a
“whirlwind that blows all ways,
“braces the nerves, and makes us
“stand firm upon both legs.

“I have tasted the varieties of
“this as often as any one, Mr. Abel;
“but thank God it was only tasting,
“for

"for I never was grieved half a
 "day for any misfortune, save
 "one; and that was for the loss
 "of half a dozen bottles of excel-
 "lent wine, at a time that I could
 "not muster as much money as
 "would purchase a single pint.
 "It was reported to be as good
 "liquor as ever came out of the
 "bishop's cellar. I received it
 "from his chaplain for composing
 "a charity sermon for him, which
 "he had not time to do himself.
 "Ah! many tasted the sweet fla-
 "vour of my sermon; but I
 "never tasted the sweeter of his
 "liquor. The L—d confound
 "him that stole them from me!
 "may his skull be as thick as this
 "old folio, his posterior as tender

“ as a methodist’s conscience, and
“ his tutor as merciless as Judge
“ Jefferies !

“ You may think my philoso-
“ phy is only of use to such as can
“ purchase it; and to be sure it is
“ of no benefit to those miserable
“ souls that cannot. But you may
“ thank God, Mr. Abel, that your
“ father is dead, and has left you
“ a fortune to purchase a good
“ store of excellent philosophy !
“ Oh me ! why was not my father
“ a tobacconist also ? when, in-
“ stead of a parcel of old unmend-
“ ed shoes, I should have been left
“ a few thousands at least, to drink
“ to his and my own health. Ex-
“ cuse my tears, Mr. Abel, which
“ cannot help flowing upon re-
“ membrance

“membrance of the fatal mistake
“which my grandfather commit-
“ted when he bound him to a
“cobler. It was an ass-like action,
“and has entailed misfortune on
“our whole generation; for I was
“bred to my father’s business; and
“though I have raised myself by
“merit a step above it in degree,
“yet my pocket is as empty of
“cash, as it would, had I been a
“shoe-mender to this very day!
“But God help me, I must not
“grieve for what cannot be
“mended. So, here’s to your
“health, Squire Abel; who knows
“but you may get me into a good
“curacy? And, as I am of a grate-
“ful nature, I should pray for
“your soul once a week, and

"drink to your health ten times a day."

Mr. Abel very kindly promised to use his interest to get the poor usher a curacy; the latter then began to relate his story, after taking a full glass to enable him to do it without crying.

THE SORROWS OF SAM. SYNTAX.

The first misfortune, and I may say the original cause of all the misfortunes of my life, was my being born the son of a cobbler; whose ambition lay more in his heels than his head: otherwise he would have endeavoured to get me advanced one degree, at least, above his condition; which would have been a proper step to recover

ver his generation from the degradation our family sustained, by my grandfather's making him a shoe-mender. But, in place of mending that fatal mistake, my father made it worse, by bringing me up to that low business also; although many a one discovered a genius in me, which promised that I should be one day a great man. Nay, one old gentleman was so absolutely convinced of it, that she offered to take me from my father, and get me bound apprentice to a bricklayer; in which business I might have become as famous as prince — himself. But my father rejected her generous offer; observing, "that his boy, if he
" was

“was industrious, would always
“gain as much as would procure
“him food and raiment; which
“was all that was necessary for
“him in this world; and a super-
“fluity will do him no good in
“the next, since we can carry no-
“thing with us into it.” If my
mother had been alive, I should
not have been put off in this manner;
she would have seen justice done
her poor Sam, or my father’s head
would have paid for it; for to
tell you the truth, she had him as
properly under petticoat govern-
ment as ever B—p W——n was
under his wife’s; nay, she used to
complain most grievously, that he
was too much so; for, though she
loved to wear the breeches, yet
she

she would have been glad to have had a struggle for them; remembering the adage, "Where there is no opposition, there can be no glory in conquering." My father, however, was too prudent to indulge her in this, because he wisely foresaw that she would be always the victor; he, therefore, submitted to every provocation with resignation; resolving it all into this, "It is the L—d's will that I should suffer in the flesh, may I be therefore enabled to submit! If I fight with her, I must fight the foul fiend also; for the Devil is in her, and no good thing." By the Devil, it is supposed he meant the brandy she was constantly sipping in, and
which

which never failed to inspire her with a hated antipathy to my father's brain-case; but that was so naturally hard, that she never made the least disorder in the inside machinery of it, although it had been often used in place of a drum to please her little Sam with. Ah! G-d help me! if she had taken to this excellent cordial, I might have been a bishop before now. But that cursed brandy put a period to her life, when the blooming beauties were beginning to bud and lighten up in her face. My father submitted to his loss with great resignation, because "it was the L—d's will to take her out of this wicked world." He kept me hard at his business for
more

more than six years. During that time, I attempted to run away several times; but was always brought back by hunger or blows. I became, soon after, intimate with the old schoolmaster of our village; who turned out to be my best friend, by liberally instilling into my brain what little knowledge he was possessed of. It was this generous soul that taught me the little smattering of Latin, of which I am possessed; and though I am a very deficient teacher of it, yet I have been usher to this academy twelve years. Domine Hodson's avarice overlooked my defects, for he wanted a cheap teacher rather than a good one. If it had not been for this consideration, I should

I should never have been received in my present character: and the knowledge of his disposition, and my own ignorance, has prevented me, all along, from insisting on an augmentation.

My father died after I had been six years at the business. I was then at liberty either to leave or follow it, as I pleased. I determined to do the former, as soon as an opportunity offered of getting into any other employment more suitable to my wishes. Very soon after I observed an advertisement for an usher to an academy: being young, my vanity led me to think myself qualified for the post. Away I trudged to my friend the school-master; shewed him the advertisement,

ment, and craved his advice. He, good soul, was unwilling to discourage me; therefore, advised me to become a candidate for the office; and, at the same time, gave me instructions which he thought might be very necessary to me in passing examination.

I dressed as sprucely as possible; and, laying aside the cobweb airs of a cobbler, sallied forth with the towering hopes of being as great a man as my friend the schoolmaster. But these hopes gradually lessened, the nearer I approached to the academy.

I was received very coolly, at first: for Domine Hodson, after taking a view of me as if he were examining a pack-horse, told me,
 " he

" he was rather doubtful whether I
 " should do for *his* seminary. But,
 " as you have given yourself the
 " trouble to come after it, I will
 " converse with you a little upon
 " the requisite qualification of an
 " usher." I followed him to his
 study, where he harangued, for a
 quarter of an hour, upon the great
 advantages that his place would be
 of to any young man who wished
 to pursue his learning; and threw
 out hints, which informed me, that
 such a one would have very little
 benefit to his pocket. After pre-
 paring me in this manner, he ask-
 ed, " what salary I expected?" I
 was afraid of losing the place, if I
 asked too much, and therefore an-
 swered, " Board, lodging, and six
 " guineas

"guineas a year." His face brightened up at my reply, and after thinking a minute, he told me I should do; and then ordered me down to the kitchen to get a bit of dinner. This was an agreeable dismissal, for I was in fearful apprehensions of undergoing a strict examination.

Thus was I settled gentleman usher to an academy; and though I have, all along, endeavoured to do my duty by instilling musty Latin, &c. into the noddles of his boys, yet my reward has not been augmented in cash; but very much increased in blows; "blockheads," "dunder-pates," and every opprobrious name that Mr. Domine Hodson could think of; and not only his foot-ball, but also that of his
mischievous

mischievous favourites, who please him by playing their tricks upon me.

Had it not been for the meanness of my original calling, and the violent antipathy I have against it, I would have left this place long ago. You, Mr. Abel, have been witness of much of the contempt I have experienced; and must, therefore, know how hard it is to be borne; and what pleasure it would give me to be relieved from it. The bitterest misfortune of my life is made by them a matter of ridicule; and they use it most frequently, because they find that it gives me most vexation.

About six years ago, there lived a young woman in a neighbouring family;

family ; who so far attracted my attention, by her good-nature and affability, as to make me wish to marry her. Although my salary could hardly maintain myself, yet I was so much in love, that I seriously paid her my addresses ; was favourably received, and, in a little time after, the day was named that was to unite us for life. But, alas, it never came ! The inhuman brutality of a villain dashed the cup of joy from our lips. He could not bribe her chaste soul to his polluted embraces ; and, therefore, accomplished by villainy and force, what his whole fortune could not have obtained.

O ye powers, who delight in that purity which possessed her
mind,

mind, why did you not hurl the inhuman monster to instant perdition? Why delay his punishment to a future day of retribution? and, thereby, give him time to act more deeds of cruelty!

For a time, the villain triumphed in the deed. "She never smiled more." I saw the change in her face, and pressed her to tell me the cause of her tears and uncommon dejection.

She wept, and told me, "She never could be mine." I was distracted with her answer; and, on my knees, asked the cause of such a cruel resolution. She kissed my cheek, and desired me "to be easy; for it was not on account of any dislike to me, or any thing

“ thing I had done, that she said
 “ so; but yet, my dear Samuel,
 “ I cannot be yours:” and then
 she cried as if her heart would
 have bursted.

Good heaven! how was I dis-
 tracted at that moment! I acted all
 the frenzies of a madman: and,
 not being able to get a reason for
 the cruel resolution, I took down
 my hat, and sighed out, “ Fare-
 “ well, Nancy! I am an unhappy
 “ wretch, that has been dreaming of
 “ an happiness that is too much for
 “ me to expect. Heaven, when it
 “ formed your mind, designed you
 “ for one of its own favourites.
 “ With him, may you be happy!
 “ may you be blessed!”

I was going away in a state of
 mind capable of taking the most

fatal resolution: she saw it, and therefore called me back; and then, after suffering a cruel burst of grief, related the horrid tale.

My love and pity for her awakened the most determined revenge against her destroyer. I, however, had the precaution to hide this from her, whom I comforted in the best manner I was able; giving her assurances of my unalterable affection (notwithstanding what had been effected), and hopes of future happiness.

After leaving her, as I was going homeward, I accidentally perceived the villain that had ruined her go out a-shooting. My rage was re-kindled at sight of him, and stirred my heart to instant revenge. Running home, I went to one of the
boarder's

boarder's rooms ; and taking down his pistols, I loaded them, and quickly went after him. I got up with him as he entered a large common ; where I took out the pistols, and crying out, " Now, inhuman villain, now is the moment to revenge injured innocence," I fired them both at his head, and he fell to the earth with a groan. I was in hopes that I had killed him, but I was deceived ; for he only counterfeited it till I was secured by some labourers that were working in an adjoining field.

He was only slightly wounded ; for he accompanied me to the place of confinement, comforting me all the way with the hopes of being hanged. When I was brought to examination, next day, I found

that he had possessed the Justice with the idea that I was insane: he did this to escape the odium of his neighbours, who would have detested him for his cruelty to the poor girl.

His artifice succeeded; for I was brought in *non compos mentis*, and sent to a place appropriated for lunatics; where no creature but the keeper was allowed to visit me.

The rascal, however, did not long enjoy the success of his deceit; for my darling Nancy soon falling a sacrifice to her grief, her friends, who had obtained the secret from her, entered a process against her ravisher; and his own servant turning evidence against him, he wisely fled the kingdom before it was brought to a decision.

I was

I was then set at liberty, through the endeavours of Mr. Domine Hodson; who could not get one to do the duty of usher for double my salary.

My ambitious views expired with Nancy; I therefore accepted of my old situation, and once more became the slave of a tyrannical preceptor, and the foot-ball of his mischievous pupils. Their behaviour made me very unhappy, and forced me to seek a temporary relief in the bottle; which, by degrees, has become habitual to me. I have recommended it to you, at present; but would seriously advise you not to make it a custom, lest it should become habitual to you also.

C 3

Here

Here the poor usher concluded his story, which had affected young Nelson a good deal : for though his heart was not calculated to retain compassion long ; yet, for a short period, he felt for the misfortunes of others very poignantly ; and, while this impression remained, grudged neither expence nor trouble if he could thereby be of service to any one.

Nelson and Syntax then laid their heads together, to settle upon some scheme to free the latter from the drudgery of his present situation. It was at last agreed between them, that he should act as Nelson's tutor and servant, till a proper situation could be procured for him : and as Mr. Nelson was to go
to

to Bristol next morning, Samuel resolved to accompany him. The only obstacle that now remained to be got over, was, to get himself dismissed from the service of Mr. Domine Hodson: but this Syntax knew how to obtain also. He had only to do something that would offend that gentleman, who would give him a dismissal from his service, as he had often done before, but which Syntax never had yet accepted of.

For this purpose Syntax took a cordial, alas! a bumper of brandy, to give him spirits to make the intended onset; and found himself so much encouraged thereby, that he marched up to the doctor's study without much intimidation. When

he opened the door, the pedagogue was hard at work, composing a sermon upon the christian temper; which he was to preach two days after to the corporation of Butchers in Bristol. Syntax entered, just as the other was describing the happiness of a meek and quiet spirit, and therefore the very fittest time he could have happened to broach his intention. Hudson gave Syntax a frown for presuming to disturb him at his studies, and inquired with an angry tone, "What his business was?"

Syntax immediately told him, he had taken the freedom to remind him of his long services, at the same time demanding an addition to his salary.

"What

“What does the blockhead mean,” said Hodson, surprised at his daring to propose such a thing, “by making such a demand? What have you done, pray, to entitle you to an addition to your salary?”

Syntax told him, that his services surely deserved more than what he had hitherto received. “Services, you blockhead!” cried the other, losing his christian temper — “Do you call the cleaning a pair of shoes, once or twice a day, a service that deserves such a thing? for you are incapable of any thing besides. But be pleased to walk down stairs,” added he, taking

up his pen again, "and clean my
"shoes, for I go out early."

"Sir, I am sorry I cannot
"oblige you," said Sam, still un-
daunted.

"No!" said the other, rising in
a rage.

"No!" answered Samuel, stand-
ing firm to receive him.

"Then, Sir, be pleased to walk
"out of my house; for that is the
"only service you are capable of
"doing, and the only one that Na-
"ture ever designed you for. And
"take notice, you never enter
"these doors again."

"I thank you, Sir," said Syntax,
making a bow; "I came here to
"receive your dismissal; for I
"find

“find myself unqualified for the
 “department of an usher, but have
 “too much pride to be called a
 “shoe-black.”

At this, Dr. Hodson, forgetting
 the subject of his sermon, fell into
 a terrible passion; and used some
 elegant expressions; as, “G-d
 “confound you!—hellish impu-
 “dence!” and twenty others of
 equal sublimity. Yet, this must
 not be considered as opposite to
 the doctrine he was going to de-
 liver to the corporation of Butchers.
 For we frequently hear such sub-
 lime expressions made use of by the
 enlightened clergy of our church,
 who must be allowed to know
 what is, and what is not, conform-

able to that character, of which they are examples and teachers.

Hodson's oratory and action were too powerful for Samuel to stand to, without feeling a little of his natural timorousness: he therefore scampered down stairs as fast as a presbyterian does to the kirk, to hear himself and the whole congregation given to the Devil.

It was a good thing for him that he carried his wardrobe about him; otherwise, he would have been obliged to have left them behind him: for the parson followed him close at the heels, till a broom, that was lying in his way, favoured the other's retreat by laying the
parson

parson in that posture which a Mahometan devotee puts himself into when he says his prayers. This occurred to the Doctor, I suppose; for he sent up a short, but pathetic ejaculation, for the maid servant that had left the broom in his way. Though it was short, it was as substantial as the Welch curate's on Ash Wednesday; who, to save himself the trouble of reading half a hundred verses, summed them all up in this one, "May
 "the curse of G-d light upon you
 "all!"

Syntax made his retreat good to the house of a publican, where the parson dared not to follow him, the landlord being his sworn foe. Here Samuel slept in security,

rity, nothing disturbing his rest, save the pleasing dreams of future greatness, which Nelson's friendship promised him. He was interrupted in the middle of these by the entry of Nelson himself; whose brains were now cleared from the thick and muddy vapours that had disturbed him the night before.

Samuel was rejoiced to see him so cheerful; and though neither of them was in extreme need of the former cordial, yet they both agreed, that a single bottle was good to take upon setting out so early; "and, besides," added Samuel, "it will help to support your spirits, when your mother's grief will be awakened, at sight of her son, for
"the

"the loss of her husband. Alas!" added he, "she is now old, and ill
"able to support her grief for the
"loss of your father."

"Old!" cries Nelson, smiling,
"you are mistaken; my mother
"is not above forty."

Upon hearing this, an idea started into Samuel's head, which made him think much, and say little, during their ride to Bristol: and Nelson did not interrupt his meditations; for his thoughts were also busily employed in scheming out his future plan of life. Various schemes were started, but he determined to follow that which promised him most ease and pleasure, viz. the agreeable employment of a gentleman. He was so
happy

happy in this prospect, that he thought his father's death the luckiest thing in the world for himself, and not the worst for him, who was taken away from the trouble and cares of a world, in which he could not enjoy the pleasures of a gentleman.

Mr. Nelson no sooner entered the house of mourning, than he inquired for his mother. He was directed to her apartment; where he found her surrounded by a croud of gloomy gossips. No sooner did the solitary mate of his father see her darling son, than she gave a fresh loose to her cries and tears, and almost deprived him of his late philosophical acquirements. The tears were already starting

starting into his eyes; but suddenly recollecting himself, he checked their farther progress, and comforted her with great wisdom and gravity; reminding her, "that we are all mortal, and must therefore pay the debt of nature, some time or other: and since it was a thing that could not be avoided, why should we weakly mourn for it? If you will allow yourself to think rationally upon the subject," continued he, "you will find cause to be thankful to Heaven for taking your dear partner to itself, before age had made him a burthen to himself and others."

Mrs. Nelson heard her son with attention; and, before night, so far complied

complied with his advice, as to appear composed and resigned to her loss, and to be able to discourse with him upon the affairs of her late spouse. Abel found that his father had left him every thing ; out of which he was to pay his mother an hundred pounds a year while she remained a widow, and only forty if she married again. She sighed, and said, " there was no
 " cause for this last clause, for she
 " could never think of being married to any one after him.—Dear,
 " sweet soul ! he never refused me
 " any thing. Where could I find
 " another like him, or that would
 " make me forget my loss ? But he
 " is gone to a better place," added she, casting up her eyes, " where
 " I hope

"I hope soon to follow him; for
"this world, Abel, is now like a
"solitary wilderness to your poor
"mother."

Next day the remains of Gabriel Nelson were committed to the earth, amidst a large concourse of people; who regretted his death, because it threatened to be an universal loss to most of them in some respect or another. Sorrow did not so far blind some of them, however, as to make them overlook the advantage that could be made of it. Mr. Abel, that very night, had offers from several of them, who wished to buy his father's whole flock. He would have disposed of it as willingly as they wished to purchase it, if his mother had not altered

altered his mind, by hinting, that she should like to keep up the business, because her late dear "Gabriel took so much pleasure in it."

Abel, who comprehended not the extent of his mother's wishes, readily made her a present of the stock of tobacco and snuff that his father had left, as he had a good fortune without it.

Next day the shop was ten times more crowded with customers than ever; and, before the week was expired, there was not a pound of Nelson's original rappee to be got for love or money.

FEMALE

FEMALE STABILITY.

As the reader may not comprehend Mrs. Nelson's motives for asking the business of her son, I must, therefore, unravel them in as few words as possible, that it may not break in upon our story afterwards.

Know then, that after burying her husband, Mrs. Nelson began to think seriously upon her solitary situation; and the more she thought of it, the more she was convinced of its uncomfortable nature. She saw the wavering disposition of her son; and though his principles were good, and his resolutions commendable, yet they were not, one time in a hundred, put in execution.

tion. He might soon leave her—People took every advantage of defenceless females—and a thousand other fears, on the same side of the question, made her half determine to accept of the first offer that should be made to her.

Nay, there was a person that she particularly wished for to make her that offer; and when once a woman is brought to wish for a thing, she can easily discover her wishes without the aid of speech.

It was so with Mrs. Nelson: and Dick Darby, her late husband's shopman, was the object of these speaking looks. She was more in the shop, the second day after old Gabriel's interment, than she had been for ten days in his life-time.

Cupid,

Cupid, though no friend to the scent of tobacco, was there to give the necessary aid to wound the unsuspecting Dick. He, poor soul, could not withstand the combined force of her glances and Cupid's arrows. Before night it had deprived his head of the power of attending to business, and made him commit the most egregious mistakes; for he would give a pound of tobacco to a snuffing old maid; and, *vice versa*, a pound of snuff to a tobacco-chewing old bachelor. These mistakes raised many a laugh at poor Dick's expence; but made the observing Mrs. Nelson's blood beat in her veins with the hopes of success.

Samuel

Samuel Syntax, who had been looking as sweetly upon her as she had been looking upon Darby, observed her partiality for the latter with grief; for he had been thinking of securing her to himself.

Though this discovery was hostile to his wishes, yet he would not give up his hopes upon mere conjecture: he therefore determined to bring the matter to proof positive; and being neither very modest, nor very backward, he saw no reason for delaying it till next day.

As soon, therefore, as the business of the day was over, he craved, and obtained audience of this obliging widow; to whom he declared his passion, and assured her,

her, that he would make her the
 “best of husbands.”

This assurance, however, could not prevail upon the constant widow of Gabriel “to think of ever entering into the married state again; being resolved to remain true to her first love; the object of which was now no more.”

Syntax could get no other answer to his flame, although he used as much rhetoric upon the occasion as would have softened a neighbor's hearts of an hundred old maids, which, good-lack, are made of very tough stuff indeed!

It required a double dose of Samuel's philosophy to enable him to support the disappointment of this first application. Samuel, who

VOL. I. D was

was never backward in administering comfort of this kind, in small matters, took rather too great a dose; for in place of cooling his passion, it only inflamed it the more: and remembering the saying, that he "that woos a widow
" must woo her day and night;" and also a verse in Hudibras, "He
" that woos a maid must make
" many fine speeches; but he that
" woos a widow must down with
" his ~~will~~ ^{will} ~~being~~." He went reeling home, determined to put these maxims into execution the same night. Young Nelson being fortunately abroad, he marched boldly into the parlour; where he was informed, Mrs. Nelson was sitting alone. Without waiting to make
the

the necessary approaches, as a wise general would have done, he began a very warm attack against the citadel of her heart. He was in a very proper mood for succeeding with widow or maiden that had not made a choice of a lover already: but Mrs. Nelson had unluckily got one who had made a successful application a few minutes before Samuel entered; but who was obliged to make his retreat into a neighbouring closet, before the preliminaries were settled, by hearing Samuel upon the stairs. Here Dick Darby, for he it was, observed the motions of Syntax, who waxed warmer and warmer in his addresses, till the widow was provoked to give him a slap in the face; saying, at the same

time, "Ruffian, take that for your "presumption." But Samuel not taking it as a signal to retreat, she called out for help; when Dick immediately sprang out from his place of observation, and laid his Hudibrastic rival sprawling at his feet. The same instant Mr. Nelson made his appearance; and stared with wonder at the scene that was presented to his eyes, upon entering the room.

He immediately asked Samuel, how he came to be sprawling on the floor in that manner? Syntax referred him to Mr. Richard Darby; who, not being able to give a proper account of the matter, went out of the room, leaving that task to the ingenuity of Mrs. Nelson.

Her

Her invention being at a loss to contrive a story that could screen herself, she began to cry for vexation; and accused the poor cobbler's son, in the bitterest manner, of the base attempt to dishonour her person.

Samuel allowed her to exhaust her passion; and then, very coolly, asked her, "If that had been Dick's intention also?" Our hero ordered him to follow that rival; for he wished to know the real state of the case from his mother.

She was unable to satisfy him by evasions, and therefore confessed part of the truth: by informing him, that Richard Darby had foolishly entered the room, while she was alone, and made her a tender

of his hand; but before she could give a rejection to his presumptuous hopes, he heard a foot upon the stairs; and, fearing a discovery, he hid himself in the closet: That Mr. Syntax then entered the room, who, also, had the presumption to declare a passion for her; and having rejected his addresses with disdain, he impudently attempted to take freedoms which obliged her to call out for assistance.

All this was so far true. She only concealed the flattering encouragement she had given Mr. Darby; who, poor soul, would not have been so hasty in his declarations, if he had not received too plain encouragement from the window.

dow herself. She also told one untruth, in saying, that "she had not "had time to give him a rejection;" for, on the contrary, Richard had been almost two hours with her before Syntax disturbed them; and had received as great hopes of success as a modest widow could give, whose former mate was hardly cold in the ground.

Our hero appeared to be satisfied with his mother's account of the matter; but inwardly resolved to watch Dick's future motions. He did not act the spy long; for he, soon after, detected him in another tête-à-tête with his mother: who was, thereupon, obliged to change her tone, by confessing, that the youth had made an impres-

sion on her heart, by seeing him so assiduous in the business of the shop; in which he was so similar to his late father, that she could not help feeling a kindness for him.

Mr. Abel, who had not much stability in his own disposition, was not greatly offended with the sudden change in his mother; nor backward in giving his consent to their union, after seeing her resolved upon it: and this easy acquiescence endeared him more to her than ever. The loving pair were soon after married. But Mr. Darby, instead of increasing his similarity to old Gabriel Nelson, by his attention to the tobacco business, took a very contrary turn; for

for he quickly unlearned the manufacturing of snuff, to learn a more reputable calling: viz. the business of a gentleman; the minutiae of which are too numerous and intricate for us to describe, as they were for him to learn.

MEMORANDUM.

The tobacco business, which went on with such eclat for a few days after old Nelson's death, soon began to stagnate; and was not revived by Mr. Darby's gentleman-like attendance. There was hardly a Scotch pedlar now to be seen in his shop; and if any did come, it was only to ax "Gin he ceud sell

D 5

" him

“him a pund o Nalfon’s genuine
 “black rappee; for he had sold
 “ilka baubees-worth of what he
 “had bought before.” If they
 offered him Darby’s “original
 “rappee,” “they wud nae tak it,
 “unless he would gie them twa
 “pund at the price o’ane.”

POLITE APPRENTICESHIP.

After seeing his mother settled
 to her satisfaction, Nelson began,
 by degrees, to assume the character
 of an independant gentleman;
 that is, he did not think himself
 obliged to give his mother an account
 of his conduct; nor see it
 necessary to confine himself at
 home

home, as he had been obliged to do while his father was living.

Being furnished with the most material article in the character of a gentleman, viz. a fortune, he easily found admission into the company of the polite world; and his open and engaging behaviour procured him the friendship and esteem of several ladies of that class of society, who were ambitious of introducing him into places of polite amusement, to finish him in every polite accomplishment.

Nelson, for his part, thought himself fortunate in being taken under the patronage of those ladies; and, by degrees, found himself get rid of that rustic bash-

D 6 fulness,

fulness, which a country education had helped to furnish him with.

One of these ladies, in particular, was very fond of shewing her attention to our hero in this matter; and he was not backward in manifesting his gratitude for this partiality: for he loved her, perhaps, with more affection than he did his own mother; and often resided at her house for whole weeks together. Mrs. Miller, the name of this lady, had a daughter, who was about the age of our hero. To bring about an intimacy between him and this daughter, was the secret motive that actuated her in her partiality for him. Though she made some figure in polite circles, yet her circumstances were

were not so affluent as to enable her to keep up that stile of life long, without an addition. Mr. Nelson was not possessed of a great fortune; nevertheless, she prudently considered, that he would be a very advantageous match for her Sophia. To bring this scheme to succeed to her wishes, she carefully studied our hero's temper and disposition, and accommodated herself so much to the bias of these, that she gained his entire confidence.

LOVE BEFORE SIGHT.

Sophia Miller was then in the country, upon a visit to a friend,
but

but was expected home in a few days. From her mother's information, Nelson was made to form high ideas of this young lady's beauty and accomplishments; and if he was not absolutely in love, yet his brain was so much employed in thinking of her, that persons, much older, and more experienced than him, would have thought themselves at the very summit of that extravagant passion. No wonder, then if he shewed much impatience for the return of this model of female beauty and perfection, as her mother had described her to be. It was the first feelings of the kind he had experienced; and he was, therefore, the more easily infatuated.

Mrs.

Mrs Miller had told him, that Sophia was " a tall and genteel
" figure; endowed with good na-
" ture, and adorned with every
" female accomplishment, and al-
" so related some of her repartees,
" as a specimen of her wit;—hinting
" at the same time, that she had ad-
" mirers of some rank and fortune;
" but she had not, as yet, shewn a
" predilection for any particular
" one of them, not having develop-
" ed their characters so as to prefer
" him whose mind and temper was
" most congenial to her own.
" Had any one of them been pos-
" sessed of a countenance as open
" and engaging as yours is, she, I
" am certain, would have prefer-
" red him at once, because it is so
" similar

“similar to her own. Heaven
“grant she may meet with such
“a one!”

Few men can withstand flattery of this nature ; no wonder, then, if it had its wished-for effect upon our young hero, who was, perhaps, as susceptible to attacks of this nature as any one breathing. Many of the good actions we do, are undertaken with the hope of being praised for them. This is a selfish motive, to be sure ; but, at the same time, it is the least blameable kind of selfishness ; because, though it makes a man vain, it is the incitement to many good actions.

This attack upon Nelson’s blind side was so far successful, that it gained her his utmost confidence
and

and esteem; and raised, at the same time, such charming ideas of her daughter in his mind, that he was, literally, as much in love with her idea, as he would have been had she been present, and possessed of all the charms that can adorn the sex. He had had opportunities of seeing women that would have appeared as angels to other observers; but they were all inferior, very inferior! to the divinity that Nelson's imagination had formed; for, in short, this ideal goddess possessed the perfections of a whole community of beauties.— Her colour was as beautiful as that of ———; her eyes as black and sparkling as those of the D—— of R—t——d; her shape as elegant

gant as the D——fs of D-v——e;
her ancles as beautifully turned as
those of Mrs ——; and her humour,
manners and disposition as lively,
delicate and bewitching as those of
the all-charming Louisa S—y—r. Happy Nelson! that
could so easily unite the charms of
the whole sex in one person; and
enjoy nearly as much pleasure in
contemplating this idea of Sophia,
as if she had been really present
before his eyes, and looking upon
him with ineffable sweetness.

The idea of gaining the affections
of this angelic object, was strongly
connected with the picture he had
formed of her: for of what utility
would it be for him to create (as it
were) so beautiful
an

an object, without, at the same time, pleasing himself with the idea of possessing her to himself, and having the happiness of being preferred by her above all his rivals? It was almost as easy for him to overcome every obstacle that opposed this desirable hope, as it was for him to form the object; and this being done, there was only Sophia herself wanting to make his happiness complete.

Mrs. Miller had informed him, that Sophia would return in a fortnight at farthest; yet so impatient was he, during that time, that he thought it a year in length; and wished he could make but one sleep of it till she arrived; which
would

would have saved him the languor of wearisome expectation.

THE INTERVIEW.

The wished-for day at length arrived; and Nelson, who had been in the wilderness of fancy the whole night, arose early, to welcome the day that was to bless him with the sight of the incomparable Sophia, *in propria persona*. The nearer the hour approached, he was more and more involved in a thousand hopes and fears, that by turns perplexed his mind: and when the signal of her arrival was given, by a loud rapping at the door,

door, he was so much affected that he could hardly breathe; and with difficulty rose to salute her; which he did so awkwardly, that she observed it, and immediately burst into a fit of laughter; in which she was joined by a young beau, who had accompanied her from the country.

This unmannerly behaviour had nearly tumbled Nelson's ideal castle to the ground, by dispersing the charming ideas he had formed of her; but before that fatal event took place, her prudent mother set all to rights again, by whispering something into her daughter's ear, which had the effect of making that young lady behave in a more polite manner to Nelson, and with
a more

a more distant aspect to her fellow traveller.

Miss Miller was not what may be called a great beauty; but the country bloom which she brought with her, added to a very agreeable figure, and lively spirits, made Nelson actually think her superior to every one he had seen.

She also could use, with effect, a flattery, which the fair sex practise upon the male; which is perhaps more effectual, though not so direct as that of the males to them. This was, by laughing at any thing that he happened to say, as if it had been exceedingly witty and clever. This is a never-failing way for a woman to ingratiate herself into the favour of those,

those, who are so happy as to be possessed of a decent portion of vanity and self-conceit; and Nelson, among other foibles, had a share of these also.

Although they both appeared to like one another upon first acquaintance, yet the difference of their tempers and dispositions could not promise a long continuance of that mutual esteem which they seemed to have for each other.

Sophia Miller was possessed of a good natural disposition; but it was very much altered by a fashionable education: for in place of the softness of manners, and simplicity of behaviour, which are so bewitching and becoming in the sex, and which mankind admire
more

more than polite refinement, she was pert, forward, and presuming.--Continually in search of new amusements to fill up her vacant hours; which were so, because her mind was unstored with those useful ideas, and that mental knowledge, which supply those females that happily possess such, with rational entertainment in a solitary hour; she was in a kind of purgatory, when she happened to be left to herself; and rather than endure such a tiresome situation, she preferred the company of any one, however worthless. She was so much taken with flattery, that the coarsest kind of that commodity was as greedily swallowed as if it had been the most refined delicacy.

Our

Our hero's character was very different in almost every respect. He was good-natured to a fault; and had so little reserve about him, that his acquaintances knew as much of his affairs as he did himself. Incapable of harbouring ill-will against any one, he considered every one to be like himself; and so obliging, that he would bring himself into difficulties and distress, if he could thereby do kindness to an acquaintance. But with all these commendable qualities he had a negligence about him, which made him to neglect little circumstances, which, from neglect, are sometimes made to produce serious consequences. From this last trait of his charac-

ter, joined to the easiness of his nature, we may trace the cause of all his misfortunes and failings.

Our hero, who had been educated in what may properly be called a male nunnery; that is to say, he had been so closely confined to an academy which was in a solitary situation, where scarcely a female face was seen, excepting an old matron, employed in the necessary œconomy of the house; had no idea of the little gallantries that little masters and misses are taught to give and receive from each other; and as they are not acquired by instinct, Nelson, for these reasons, was yet very deficient in those little accomplishments; and it required all Mrs. Miller's prudence

prudence to get her daughter to support his company till he had gradually learned a little of these. Love, and the assistance of a lively young girl, however, soon made him as great a proficient in this, as if he had practised it from his youth; and Miss Sophia even praised him as the very pink of politeness.

RESOLUTIONS.

His attention was now so much engrossed by Mrs. Miller and her daughter, that he had little time left him to visit his mother, who at last began to complain of his neglect. He could not bear the

censure of a parent with indifference; he, therefore, resolved to spare her reproaches for the future, by his attentive behaviour, and dutiful attendance. He saw, with regret, that she secretly repented of the late step she had taken in marrying Mr. Darby. Though she made no complaint to her son of her husband's conduct, yet it could not be hid from his observation: he saw it affected her health, notwithstanding her endeavours to hide it: his sympathy was awakened for her happiness, and his fears alarmed for her safety.

Some months after the death of his father, he found that his attendance upon Miss Miller, to balls,

balls, plays, &c. had not cost him less than five hundred pounds. This expensive attendance, he clearly perceived, would diminish his fortune very much, if it continued much longer: and indeed the banker in whose hands it was lodged told him as much; and with difficulty was sometimes prevailed upon to give him a fresh supply.

This was a serious consideration to Nelson, who saw no acceptable method of retrenching his expences, without diminishing the appearance of his former outset, or bringing his courtship to a conclusion by marriage. The latter he might have easily accomplished; but he could not bring his mind

to resolve upon a thing of this nature, till he had seen a little more of the world. Besides, he thought that a man was soon enough married, when he arrived at his twenty-fourth year, and he still wanted six years of that number. He at last determined to continue his attendance upon Miss Miller, in the character of a lover, without pursuing it so as to hasten it to a conclusion. This scheme of his, however, had nearly been unhinged, by a circumstance that soon after happened, and which was the first failing of consequence that he was guilty of.

A FIRST IMPRESSION NOT ALWAYS LASTING.

One day, when Nelson was going to pass his time, as usual, with Miss Miller, he happened to observe a very unweildy gentleman at a loss to get himself and son over the kennel; which had been enlarged by a shower of rain. Having a kindly heart for all the sons and daughters of Adam, he naturally offered his services to him, which were thankfully accepted.

Nelson easily assisted the son over; but the father being some hundred pounds weight heavier, put him to a little more exertion; which, however, did not succeed

so happily ; for the old gentleman's foot slipped, and he fell soufe into the middle, and pulled Nelson along with him.

The old gentleman's house being but a few doors from the spot, he accepted of his invitation to accompany him there till he received a dry suit of clothes from his lodgings.

When Friend Seymour (for he was a Quaker) got himself changed, and seated in his easy chair, he allowed his features to relax into a smile at the grotesque figure of Nelson ; who had thrown off his fine scarlet coat, fatten waistcoat and breeches, and incased himself in a snuff-brown suit of the Quaker's ; which was so large, that
he

he was obliged to tie it to his body with a garter. Nelson, being under no restraint, fell into repeated bursts of laughter at the oddity of his appearance, and the comical figure he should cut, in his present habit, before his mistress.

The Quaker's daughter soon after made her appearance. There was nothing uncommonly striking in the outward appearance of Rachel Seymour; so that Nelson, upon first view, did not perceive those charms which afterwards captivated him to so great a degree. The expression of her features—her amiable disposition, and the rich excellencies of her mind, were at first lost upon him, being hid under the uncouth garb of a

E 5 Quaker,

Quaker, and in a person that certainly appeared, at that time, much inferior to that of Sophia Miller. The charms of her voice, which was well suited to the angelic excellencies of her mind, was the only thing that seemed to demand his notice. Whenever she spoke, he felt an uncommon pleasure softly wrap itself around his heart: and his ears itched with delight, at hearing a sweet melody, which no human voice had conveyed to them before.

He intended to go to Mrs. Miller's as soon as he had got a suit of clothes from his lodgings; but when these were brought him, and he had equipped himself again in his own character, he found his resolution

solution gone; there was a secret charm, which he could not account for, that strongly tied him to the spot where he was. Two hours did he waver in this irresolution. The charms of Sophia played upon his imagination, and teized him to go there; but a more powerful persuader had strongly entangled his heart, and he found it impossible to stir from the spot.

He spent the evening with the Quaker and his family, and parted with reluctance; and, though he had never passed a happier one in his life, he was yet ignorant of the cause of its being so. This invincible influence did not yet leave him, but followed him to his lodgings; and though the beauty of

Sophia had, as yet, the chief place in his imagination, he could not help wishing that she were possessed of the Quaker's bewitching sweetness of voice ; but though he gave the latter preference in this one respect, he still thought the former superior in every other.

JEALOUSY.

He next day waited upon Sophia, and entertained her with an account of the accident that had introduced him into the family of Quaker Seymour. She laughed heartily at some circumstances of it; and only felt chagrin when Nelson praised Rachel Seymour's voice as the sweetest he had ever heard.

heard. Sophia was envious of possessing every superior charm, and therefore appeared a little serious at his depriving her of one, which, till that moment, she had not considered as such. Although he had not praised the excellence of the young Quaker's voice in a very enthusiastic manner, yet he did it so as to kindle a spark of jealousy in the breast of Sophia; and that jealousy made her throw out every charm, and use every bewitching artifice to secure the heart of a lover, who had made no small impression upon her own, by his personal and intellectual accomplishments.

She had hitherto shared her smiles among several young fellows

lows besides Nelson; and though he was the favourite, yet she fancied that it was still impossible for either of them to claim that distinction: her fears of losing him by an equal balance of her favours, made her alter her plan, by treating him with more familiarity, and giving the others less encouragement. Nelson perceived this alteration in his favour with ecstasy; and it flattered his vanity so much, to be distinguished so eminently above his rivals, that he began to think her more charming than ever; and the impression which the more amiable Rachel Seymour had made, was buried under a load of charming ideas that were inspired by the successful display of her rival's charms.

For

For a whole week his close attendance upon Miss Miller hindered him from paying a friendly visit to the Quaker, as he had promised; and when he was at last as good as his word, it was with as much reluctance, perhaps, as he had before parted from them.

There was now a surprising change in the dress of Rachel Seymour. Before, she was dressed in that stiff and disgusting stile, in which the lower class of Quakers attire themselves; but she was *now* dressed in that plain, but elegant simplicity, which adds so much to the attractions of the genteeler young girls of that persuasion. Nelson, at the first glance, discovered beauties which had been entirely

tirely hid from him at his former visit; and, like a miser that had discovered unlooked-for treasures, he eagerly gazed, to see if he could not discover more of them. His attentive looks disconcerted the modesty of Rachel; and made her, by her blushes, discover charms that the more polite Sophia had only affected to possess. These charms, though they are the signs of delicate timidity and modest innocence, are the most irresistible upon the hearts of the male sex. That man is devoid of the most exalted feelings of human nature, that can behold the blush of innocence without being charmed; and he is worse than a *fiend* that can attempt to destroy that delicate sensi-

sensibility, by accustoming it to the poison of obscenity.

In the accidental visit that Nelson had made before, Rachel's voice had charmed him; but the additional charms of her mind, the excellencies of which were opening upon him every minute, gave him an idea of female perfection superior to every thing he had ever conceived.

The charms of Miss Miller had indeed made an impression upon his senses, by their external splendour; but they were unsupported by those mental amiabilities, which alone can secure a continuance of esteem without the aid of beauty. If Rachel was not gifted by nature

ture with the charms of an elegant and beautiful figure, Heaven had sufficiently recompensed her by endowing her with its richest gifts—the virtues of the mind. Of these, Nelson discovered her to be more and more possessed, the longer he became acquainted with her; and they insinuated her gradually into his affection.

His visits to Sophia were not now so frequent as they had hitherto been; for he found it impossible to be a day away from the company of Rachel. The former chid him for his neglect in the most flattering manner, but gave him no hints of her suspicions of the cause of it, but redoubled her endeavours

endeavours of pleasing; well-knowing that to be the most effectual way of succeeding.

UNFASHIONABLE FOLLIES.

Nelson could not be ignorant of her motives for this: he reflected upon it, and upon his own conduct, which had given her sufficient room to consider him as a lover, although he had not openly made a declaration to that purpose. The thought of being taxed with levity, in insinuating himself into her affection, and afterwards attaching himself to another, pained him to the highest degree: he could not allow deceit in another, then why should

should he practise it himself? "I
 "have been imprudent," said he
 to himself, after considering the
 matter aright, "but I will be just.
 "Yes, Sophia, I will sacrifice this
 "too amiable girl to the claims
 "which I have given thee upon
 "myself."

With this commendable resolution, he was henceforth more constant in his attendance upon Sophia, and more studious to convince her of his attachment. This was a severe task; but his principles would not allow him to withdraw his addresses, although his heart was too evidently in the possession of her rival.

As I hinted before, Nelson was not one of those persons, who
 think

think of marrying before they are well out of petticoats. The consequence that must follow matches of that nature, is a race of pigmies; who, by following their fathers' footsteps, would degenerate from generation to generation, till they became a literal race of Lilliputians. Nelson was of a contrary opinion; and this hindered him from hastening to the conclusion of his courtship by an open declaration, which is only made explicitly when a desire is formed of entering into the state without delay. A circumstance soon after happened, which had nearly brought about what he was in no hurry to finish.

After Sir Robert Nugent and Mr. Smith were elected members
of

of parliament for Bristol, they jointly gave a ball to the gentlemen and ladies that had voted for them, or were friends to their party. Mrs. Miller being one of these, engaged Nelson to attend her and her daughter to the ball.

Some days before this took place, Nelson happened to mention it to the Quaker, and inquired of Rachel if she was to be at it? She answered him in such a manner, that he conceived that she wished to go there, and therefore endeavoured to persuade her father to grant her leave; promising to take her along with Mrs. Miller and her daughter, and to return her safe again.

“ I may

"I may as well give her to the
 "wicked one at once," said the
 Quaker, "as to allow her to go
 "among his children. No, no,
 "friend Abel! Rachel has no
 "thirstings after these vanities; and
 "verily I did think, that thou thy-
 "self hadst lost all relish and long-
 "ings for them: but thou art re-
 "turned with the dog to his vo-
 "mit, for which we sincerely pity
 "thee."

Nelson endeavoured to convince
 him of the innocence of such
 entertainments, by argument; but
 the Quaker was too much preju-
 diced against things of that nature,
 to listen to any arguments. He
 put an end to Nelson's entreaties
 at once, by the uncommon solem-
 nity

nity with which he answered him,
 while he took him by the hand :
 “ We believe, that thou thyself hast
 “ been led away by the entreaties
 “ of one of those persons who
 “ serve the Devil for nought.
 “ I have looked into thy heart, and
 “ find thee possessed of good qua-
 “ lities ; but, alas ! alas ! friend
 “ Abel, thy head is not right : the
 “ L—d purge it from the vanities
 “ thereof ! If thou wilt go to this
 “ place of abomination, go by thy-
 “ self. If thou respectest us thy
 “ friends ; if thou lovest the inno-
 “ cence of our daughter Rachel ;
 “ seek not, we beseech thee, to
 “ destroy that, and our happiness,
 “ by instilling these wicked notions
 “ into her mind.”

Nelson

Nelson was so much affected at the energy with which this was delivered, that he would have given up his intreaties, had he wished ever so much to have succeeded in them; the tear started into his eye at these words, "If thou lovest the innocence of our daughter Rachel"—and he involuntarily exclaimed, "May Heaven blast my best hopes, if I were capable of injuring her even in my thought!"

"Swear not, friend; for we can give credit to the sincerity of thy good intentions; but thy head, thy head, Abel, may be deceived. The L—d give thee light!"

Nelson, far from renewing the subject again, was happy in having

VOL. I. F been

been unsuccessful; and would even have given his advice against introducing her into scenes, which, he now saw, might be fatal to that simplicity of manners with which she was more bewitching than if she had possessed a faultless figure. The first is the gift of Heaven, the latter is but the gift of nature.

FASHIONABLE FAILINGS.

Nelson equipped himself for the ball in a more showy stile than usual, as much, perhaps, to feed a little vanity as to do honour to his partner. He was sensibly gratified by seeing the effect that his elegant

elegant appearance had upon her ; for she was enchanted with it, and gave him more unequivocal tokens of her fondness than female delicacy can properly admit of. These tokens of her affection led them into a tender fondness that was fatal to them both. May my fair readers be taught by the consequences that followed, to shun a like misfortune, by avoiding, as they would do certain ruin, the giving too direct proofs of their tenderness for the man of their hearts, till the altar has given them the privilege of doing it with propriety.

The pleasure she felt at the approach of the scene of mirth, per-

haps put her off her guard but whatever was the reason, it had the effect of animating him with a warmth that overleaped the boundaries of his former respectful behaviour, and inspiring ideas that he did not allow himself to think of before.

As soon as the hour approached, they set off to the ball with light hearts and a dancing step. The elegance and good humour of the company helped to add to their ecstacy. They danced, laughed, and talked to admiration; and perhaps there was not another couple at the assembly that could equal them in happiness and good humour with one another. The gentlemen

tlemen envied Nelson's happiness, and the ladies, Sophia's good fortune.

Their delirium of happiness was but of short duration: before morning, fortune had prepared mortifications as great as they were unexpected.

After tiring themselves with dancing, which however did not fatigue their spirits, they both sat down; when Nelson began to say some flattering things to her, which made her beyond measure pleased. Their behaviour failed not to attract the attention of those that were near them; but as the observers shewed no signs of ridicule, Nelson and his partner flattered themselves that they were delight-

ed with their good humour. He observed as much to Miss Miller, who thereupon cast her eyes around, to feed them with those looks of admiration which she expected.

"I declare," said she, "I never
 "was in such agreeable company
 "in my life: every one appears
 "happier than another; and it
 "would be almost an Elysium, were
 "it not for the demure looks of that
 "Quaker. I declare, I would not
 "allow one of these *solemn* things
 "to come into the place; it is
 "enough to poison the mirth of
 "the whole company."

"Be not too severe in your censures, Madam, of that heavenly simplicity," said a gentleman
 that

that was standing by her. "If a
 "man had said as much of that
 "angelic creature, I should have
 "called him a blasphemer. The
 "Devil himself could hardly find
 "in his heart to injure such charm-
 "ing sweetness."

Nelson immediately looked round to discover the object of Sophia's censures and the gentleman's admiration; his eyes instantly met those of Rachel Seymour, who had been witnessing his gallantry to Miss Miller. A thunder stroke could hardly have stupified him more than her appearance did. To be so unexpectedly discovered flattering another, by her who had the first place in his heart, was a circumstance that

would have disconcerted a proficient; but much more so him, who had just begun his apprenticeship to Flattery. He looked quite foolish; and, at that moment, wished himself at the bottom of the sea, and Miss Miller at the Devil.—So much did the angelic simplicity of Rachel triumph over the decorated splendour of her rival's beauty!

A few minutes elapsed before he dared look again at her; and he then imagined that he discovered that aversion to him which his absurd flattery made him deserving of. He was not altogether wrong in his conjecture, for Rachel had been a silent witness of all his extravagance; and though she did not conceive that she had any right

to

to censure him, yet a secret liking, to which she herself had been a stranger till that moment, made her feel a good deal of pique at witnessing his gallantry to an object so attracting as Sophia was. This threw a cloud upon that face which had always conveyed the emanations of inward excellence.

Nelson would have given any thing for an opportunity of making a retreat from a situation so embarrassing; but as this could not be done without making a hole in his manners, he was therefore obliged to endure the torture of his chagrin; which he could not, however, hide from the observation of his partner, who saw his embarrassment,

ment, and maliciously rallied him upon it.

"I spoke truth in jest," said she to him, with a degree of scorn, "when I said, sister Ruth would poison the good humour of the company; but I did not imagine that the lively and gallant Mr. Nelson would be the first victim: —but come," added she, with a forced levity, "let us make up another couple in the dance that is now beginning. What does the man linger for now?"

Nelson not being so alert in accepting her invitation as she wished, she was still more piqued, and gave her hand to a gentleman whose partner had declined dancing.

Being

Being now at liberty, he wished to introduce himself to Rachel. Pretending not to have seen her till that moment, he made up to her with affected surprise ; exclaiming, " Do my eyes deceive me, or is it Miss Seymour in reality ?"

Rachel smiled at his affecting to have only seen her at that moment; but again putting on a reserved air, she condescended to inform him, that she had been betrayed to the place by her friend who now sat beside her. After a little more discourse upon common topics, Rachel insisted upon her friend's seeing her home immediately, as the only means to obtain her forgiveness, and evade her father's displeasure. This her acquaintance

complied with, notwithstanding the intreaties of Nelson to the contrary, who wished for the honour of dancing with her: but this Rachel positively declined, being intirely ignorant of that fashionable accomplishment.

Nelson sat thoughtful and pensive, when they were gone; for Rachel's cold behaviour convinced him that she was offended with him, and he on his part was piqued with her indifference. At that favourable minute Miss Miller returned to him; and having overcome the first heat of her resentment, she adopted a cheerfulness and good humour, which are the surest methods to regain a wavering lover. These did not fail to
 restore

restore Nelson to his former spirits, and gave her an advantage over her rival in his mind, which was still out of humour with her for an appearance of indifference which she showed for him when she took leave.

Seeing her mother deeply engaged in conversation with a party, Sophia proposed to Nelson to give her the slip by going home before her, laughing at the idea of her mother's uneasiness when she could not find them. Nelson objected to this at first; but Sophia, who had a scheme in her head, persuaded him to comply, assuring him that her mother would be seen home by her uncle.

Her

Her scheme to get Nelson home, was contrived on purpose to give him an opportunity of making a declaration of his passion for her, which she had the greatest hopes of bringing him to, in the disposition he was then in; and if that could be accomplished, she was resolved not to keep him in suspense by accustomed delays. She also knew as much of his principles, as to assure herself, that when once he was brought the length of a declaration, he would not go back from it.

Nelson not having any suspicion of Sophia's intentions, handed her out of the company into a hackney coach; in which, during
their

their ride home, he took an opportunity of saying those soft things to her which a young man thinks himself obliged to say to one that is under his care. She received these in such a manner, that it had a powerful effect upon his heart; but it was rather the warmth of desire, than that respectful flame which he had hitherto felt for her. The object now appeared to meet him half way; and that idea put him off his guard, and allowed voluptuous desires to possess his imagination. These were heightened by her unguarded behaviour, and the artful display of her well-turned ankles as she tripped up stairs before him, which she seemed to take a wanton pleasure in showing. He had

had not time nor resolution to recall his smothered virtue; and she was too much interested in the success of her scheme to be upon her guard, or to recollect the danger she was in. In short, every thing conspired to make them both incapable of reflecting upon the consequence that might happen from toying; the most dangerous enemy of virtue, because it makes its attacks in the most pleasing form. The reader will pardon me for passing over the consequences which the infatuation produced; suffice it to say, that she succeeded in her scheme of extorting a declaration of love and constancy, but not before her virtue had paid an exorbitant price for it; and remorse had

had pointed it out to him, as the only way to make reparation for a deed that could not be otherwise amended.

In place of being full-charged with fun against the arrival of her mother, Sophia was obliged to sham an excuse, and tell her mother, that a violent head-ach had obliged her to leave the assembly abruptly, without her.

As soon as Miss Miller retired to rest, Nelson made his excuses for returning home, and her mother did not oppose his design. She had evidently heard a piece of news at the assembly, which made her prudently think that Nelson could no longer be an eligible lover for her daughter. Policy, however,

however, made her conceal the information from Nelson, and she determined to appear ignorant of it, till she had given him hints of Sophia's being engaged elsewhere. This she would have done the next visit ; but the circumstance that had happened between Sophia and Nelson, was productive of an application that anticipated her resolution.

OBSOLETE EXAMPLES.

Nelson went to bed, but not to rest ; for the events of the night were too deeply engraved on his imagination to allow him the blessings of sleep. The more he reflected upon it,

it, the more he was vexed; he cursed himself, her, and every thing that had conduced to betray him into the fatal weakness.

He now viewed her in a light which he had not hitherto done: her person had charmed his fancy, and made him believe that she would make a desirable wife, when he had come to the resolution of marrying one. That event being now hastening to a conclusion, by the vows and protestations he had taken to repair the fault he had been guilty of, he began to consider if beauty was the sole or chief recommendation of a wife?

This inquiry made him seriously reflect upon the qualifications necessary to make the marriage state happy.

happy. Among these, beauty had but a very small share in conducing to that desirable end. Prudence, virtue, piety, and a hundred other qualities, he perceived, were absolutely necessary to make that state happy.

His next inquiry, of consequence, was, "Is Sophia Miller possessed of those?" She was not. He had seen too strong symptoms of her want of prudence; and the proofs she had given him of her love, deprived her, in his ideas, of all pretensions to the first and most necessary qualification of a wife—virtue.

Her unhappy fall had now broke the charm with which her beauty had infatuated him; and which had
made

made him look upon her rather like a divinity than a woman. His admiration, therefore, tumbled to the ground with her virtue; and he now saw her possessed of nothing that could make an union with her desirable.

He condemned himself a thousand times for the vows he had given her, and saw no hopes of evading them without being base; a character which he hated so much, that he could not allow himself to do any thing to deserve it, although he could thereby escape a state of misery. He therefore determined to be faithful to his vows; and that he might save himself from falsifying them thro' future reflections, he immediately

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ly sat himself down and wrote a letter to Mrs. Miller, soliciting her daughter in marriage.

After writing this letter, which he sent to her in the morning, he allowed better prospects to present themselves to his imagination. The tenderness of his heart pleaded for the unhappy fair one, and represented her fall to be the effect of her love for him. How could he think of deserting her, after so strong a testimony of her affection? It would be the most ungenerous and cruel deed he could commit, as its consequences might be fatal. "Forbid it, Heaven! forbid it, Justice! Yes, Sophia," said he, with an honest warmth, "the vows I have given you shall
"be

“be religiously observed, and my
 “constant endeavours devoted to
 “your happiness.”

Such was Nelson's generous determination; and such the sincere intention of a Man of Failing. How unlike the conduct of the generality of mankind! He had not been guilty of an intention to deceive: his fault was want of resolution, which deprived him of the power of conquering accidental temptations. If his principles had been vitiated with modern libertinism, her misfortune, in place of awakening remorse, and causing him to be just, would have been a matter of triumph to boast of among his companions. The ruin of innocence, among such, is reckoned
 ed

ed a most glorious achievement. These will descant upon justice, and be guilty of the basest treachery; preach up humanity, and be themselves the cruelest of monsters!

But to return: Syntax discovering his master to be in very low spirits, tried to enliven him by giving him a little information that he had heard. He began with "hoping his want of spirits was owing to the fatigue?"

"No, Syntax: it is more for want of rest, I believe; for I have not closed my eyes all night."

"Aye! aye!" says he, "too much joy may have that effect, as well as

"as too much grief. I am happy
 to believe the former is the
 "cause of yours. But probably
 "you have not been so successful
 "with her as I was made to be-
 "lieve," said he, with an inquiring
 look.

"With whom?"

"Why, with Miss Miller—if I
 "am allowed to tell what every
 "one knows."

Nelson asked him, what he
 meant?

Syntax then told him, that Mrs.
 Miller's maid had informed him,
 some days before, "that you was
 "courting Miss Miller, and that
 "she liked you better than any of
 "her other lovers. That her mo-
 "ther was fond of promoting the
 Vol. I. G "match,

"match, and had desired her daughter to discard her other lover on your account."

This intelligence confirmed Nelson in the resolution he had taken of fulfilling his promises to Sophia; for his vanity was flattered with the preference that her mother gave him over his rivals.

He waited upon them, with the confidence of being agreeably received by the mother as well as the daughter, whose preference he had not the least occasion to doubt.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

An unusual coldness that appeared in the old lady's face, gave a check

check to his confidence; but that wore off by degrees, because he considered, that she had assumed a reserved and distant look on purpose to enhance the value of her consent.

He inquired after Sophia, and was told that she was indisposed, having been over-fatigued the night before.

After expressing his concern for her, and hoping that she would be perfectly recovered by a day's rest, he, by degrees, brought up the subject of his letter, and his present visit; asking Mrs. Miller, if she had considered his proposals?

She said, "She had."

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"Well,

"Well, Madam," with a little confidence, "I am come to inquire my fate."

"Are you serious, Mr. Nelson? or is it only meant as a bit of fun to entertain us and yourself with?"

"By Heaven, Madam, I am serious!"

"Then I am very sorry for it," said she; "for notwithstanding the partiality I have for you, which is greater than for any one besides; yet I must inform you, that Sophia cannot be yours."

"Good Heavens! Why not?"

"Because she is unalterably engaged to another, who has long since engaged her affections, and my consent."

"You

"You are tantalizing me, surely," said Nelson, who had received too certain proofs of the contrary.

"No, Sir!" said the other, with a serious air, "I never was more in earnest in my life. But if you doubt my assurances, you may apply to Sophia herself; and if you doubt her also, have but patience for a fortnight, and your own eyes will convince you."

He could easily see that she was in earnest; but could not reconcile this with the assurance that Sophia had given him that morning, and the intelligence he had received from Syntax. He, therefore, begged permission to talk with her

daughter upon the subject as soon as she was to be seen. This the mother agreed to, but gave him a look of displeasure, for doubting her veracity; and hinted, that "after he was satisfied of the truth from her daughter's lips, it would be necessary, either to drop his addresses, or his visits to her house, till she had fulfilled her engagements with her daughter's lover."

He was piqued at the air with which the speech was delivered, and therefore could not help shewing his chagrin, by observing, "that it required all his philosophy to bear his disappointment; especially, as it was delivered to him in such a manner, by one whom

"whom he had hitherto loved with
"the affection of a son."

"Do not be too lavish of your
"philosophy, young man; for you
"may have occasion for it all be-
"fore it is long."

He made no other reply to this
sneering speech, than wishing her
a good morning; and she did not
endeavour to detain him, as she
had always done before.

Such an unexpected rejection
surprised him; and the manner in
which the old lady delivered it,
excited his anger. Gladly would
he have received his dismissal, if
the events of the day before could
have been recalled; but as that
could not be done, he determined
to be true to his promise, by once

more offering his hand to Sophia herself; and if she confirmed her mother's intelligence, he would then think himself at liberty from his promise.

This determination was settled upon in his way to his lodgings. As soon as he got there, he beheld Syntax in a very thoughtful posture, and the tears running from his eyes. Surprised at this uncommon appearance, his heart took an alarm; and he asked him, with a trembling voice, "If his mother was well?" for he had sent Syntax to inquire after her when he went to Mrs. Miller's. "As well as can be expected," said the other, sobbing, "after receiving the news of your loss."

Nelson,

Nelson, thinking of nothing but the rebuff he had received from Mrs. Miller, exclaimed, "Heavens! how came she to know it so soon?"

"So soon!" said the other, with surprise, "why, how could you expect it to be kept a secret from her, when all the town knows of it, and it has been the whole news of the day?—Every one says he has played a sure game for himself, by lining his chicken's nest with the spoils of many, as well as with yours."

"Who do you talk of?"

"Why, of your banker, Mr. Altrust."

"And what of him?" cried Nelson, with a new alarm. "Good

"Heavens! can you be ignorant?
"or has the news affected your
"senses?—He is a—"

"Stop," cried Nelson, with a face distorted with anguish, "I already know too much.—Good God! how shall I support the ponderous weight of all these misfortunes?" and then threw himself upon the floor in the phrenzy of despair. His brain was now really affected, as Syntax had before suspected; for he argued with himself, if it would not be wiser to make away with himself than outlive his loss of fortune, and become an object of pity to the scornful Mrs. Miller and her daughter?

Syntax,

Syntax, poor fellow, was so much affected himself, that he was, for some time, unable to administer comfort to his master: but tears, at length, gave vent to his grief; and after he had shed plentifully of these, which flowed more on account of his master, than for the loss of his own prospects, he applied the usual remedies made use of upon such occasions, viz. "hopes that it was not so bad as reported—and future prospects of happiness with the charming Miss Miller."

This last consolation was ill calculated for the purpose it was intended; "for if I was rejected with a fortune," said Nelson to himself, "I shall be an object of scorn

“without one.” This last reflection made him think that Mrs. Miller had been acquainted with his losses before she gave him a refusal.

He was not wrong in his conjecture; for that lady, as we hinted before, heard the story of Mr. Altrust's bankruptcy at the assembly; and knowing Nelson's fortune to be in his hands, she did not wait for a confirmation of the news, but instantly resolved to get out of his acquaintance as fast as possible. When she got home, she did not let Nelson know what she had heard; but, as soon as he was gone, she posted up to her daughter's apartment, and communicated the news to her; ending with an observation,

vation, "that their scheme was all
"blown up."

Sophia, who had reasons which her mother was ignorant of, was thunderstruck with this unforeseen circumstance, and gave vent to her disappointment in a flood of tears, which she laid to the account of her grief for Nelson's misfortune. Her mother, who was ignorant of the situation of her daughter with respect to Nelson, comforted her with the account of a new conquest that she had made at the assembly. This was no less a lover than a London haberdasher, who was so much struck with her charms, that he could not help expressing his admiration of her to her mother: and that good lady gave him
an

an invitation to her house, when she took leave of the assembly.

Sophia, who certainly loved Nelson more than any one else, found her heart loth to part from him; but being one of those who cannot brook the thought of stooping to an inferior station, although her happiness could be secured thereby; she began to think of following her mother's advice, as it was impossible for him to keep her in the stile which she had hitherto lived in. Thus did she give up all title to virtue, constancy, and every thing that can render a woman praise-worthy.

The affair that happened between Nelson and her, gave her, however,

however, a good deal of uneasiness, lest it should be discovered by accident or time. But she at length got over this also; for she had so much confidence in his honour, that she thought herself secure on that side; and with respect to the danger of its being discovered by time, she resolved not to baulk an agreeable lover by unnecessary delays.

As soon as Nelson had recovered himself from the despair that the news of Mr. Altrutt's failure had put him into, he was informed by Syntax, that his mother was very ill, and required his instant attendance. Nelson, who loved her with the most dutiful affection, immediately

ately took a hackney coach and went to her.

A DISCOVERY.

He found her very ill indeed; and knowing that his misfortunes had added to her distress, he assumed a composure that was ill suited to the anguish of his heart, and began to comfort her with the hopes of his losses turning out more favourable than had been reported.

Sighing from the bottom of her heart, she answered, "that his loss
" had indeed helped to bring her to
" the present state she was in; but
" my

" my spirits, my dear Abel, were
" destroyed before that event hap-
" pened. I have been to blame
" for a deed that cannot now be
" recalled; and for which my con-
" science has severely upbraided
" me for several months back. Mr.
" Darby's unkindness soon con-
" vinced me of my folly: but I
" shall make no complaints of him;
" it is only myself that ought to
" suffer the reproaches of con-
" science. Thank Heaven, that
" will not be long, for I feel the
" approach of death; which comes
" as a kind friend to relieve me
" from my sufferings. Before that
" event takes place, I must suffer
" still greater pangs, by entrusting
" you with a secret that will embitter
" ter

"ter all thy days. O! how can I
 "wound your soul with the par-
 "ticulars? It must not, it shall
 "not be. Yet, alas! what good
 "will a few weeks' respite do you?
 "for you will hear it of some time,
 "and may curse me for concealing
 "it.—Father of mercies, pardon
 "me, and enable my innocent son
 "to support the story of my dis-
 "grace, and his misfortune in be-
 "ing my son."

"O! shock not your Nelson
 "with such a solemn introduc-
 "tion!"

"Nelson," cried she, "you
 "have probed me to the bottom
 "of my wound by that name: it
 "rankles in my breast, and fills my
 "ears with terror."

"O!

“ O! say not so of such a reve-
 “ rend name—the name of a be-
 “ loved parent that still lives in my
 “ heart.”

“ Go on, cruel son! and tear
 “ me to pieces by thy words.—
 “ But I do thee injustice; thou art
 “ not cruel, but all tenderness and
 “ affection.—O! why must I re-
 “ ward it with a tale that will de-
 “ stroy thy happiness, and embit-
 “ ter thy future life!—O Nelson!
 “ —but why call thee by a name
 “ that does not belong to thee?”

“ Good Heaven! What do you
 “ mean? Am I not your son?”

“ You are, you are; but your
 “ name is not Nelson:—he was not
 “ thy father, although he fondly
 “ believed thee to be his son. I
 “ see

"see thy grief and emotion at
 "hearing the unwelcome story;
 "but, O do not let them enrage
 "thee to curse thy mother."

"This is too much," said the
 wretched Nelson, fully compre-
 hending the purport of the story.
 "Unhappy wretch that I am, the
 "measure of my disgrace is now
 "fully compleated. O cruel pa-
 "rent! Why did you not stifle
 "me in the birth? Why introduce
 "me into the world, to be pointed
 "at as an object of scorn?"

This last swallowed up all his
 other misfortunes; for what were
 the frowns of a mistress, or a state
 of poverty, in comparison to this
 account of his disgraceful origin?
 The former could be got over, and
 the

the other alleviated by the reflexion, that poverty was often the attendant of virtuous worth. "But what will console me under the contempt of the world, and the ignominy of my birth? I may have friends who would not despise me for being poor, but would they condescend to be a companion to a bastard?"

As soon as his despair gave him leave to attend to his wretched parent, he received from her the account of this unwelcome discovery.

RETROSPECTION.

Her parents dying while she was young, she was placed under the

the guardianship of a clergyman, who has since rendered himself famous by the wit and indelicacy of his writings; and who has gained much mistaken praise for the supposed benevolence or philanthropy of his heart.

Her guardian, although his constitution did not promise him to be of an amorous nature, was a man of licentious principles; his conversation was fascinating, and therefore rendered him more dangerous than a professed debauchee. His ward fell a sacrifice to his unlawful desires; and proving with child, he prevailed upon her, in order to hide her shame and save himself from scandal, to give her hand to Gabriel Nelson,
a friend

a friend that had more than once assisted him in pecuniary matters.

In order to carry on the deceit upon her husband, Mrs. Nelson was still obliged to have recourse to artifice ; otherwise the premature birth of our Hero would have discovered the injury which his ungrateful friend and wife had done him. This was by hiding her bulky appearance as much as possible; and contriving a journey to the country a few days before she was delivered of Abel. The smallness of his size enabled her to deceive Gabriel, by pretending that he had come before his time, by means of a fright that she had received in her journey to the country. So that every thing succeeded

succeeded to her wishes, and her disgrace was hid from every one, save him who had been a partner in her guilt. But although it was hid from the world, an uneasy remembrance haunted her mind occasionally during her life; for she had so little confidence in the clergyman's secrecy, that she was apprehensive of his bringing it to light in an hour of vanity or intoxication, at one time or another. Her fears, however, were disappointed; for the discovery of it never reached her ears: but at last finding her life drawing rapidly to a close, she found she could not quit the world with composure, till she had unbosomed the secret to her son. This made her send for

for him, to give him the account which we have just now related.

Nelson's pride was severely humbled with the account which his mother gave him; and at that moment he would willingly have fled to the most distant corner of the globe, where he might be in no danger of hearing a discovery of his distressing origin. But when he reflected that the secret was only in the breast of his expiring mother, he forgot his own distress to attend upon her in her last moments. Had he known that it was entrusted to a priest, his pride, there is reason to fear, would have got the better of his resolution, and made him commit something rash against his own life; but as

that knowledge did not reach him till some time after, he had time to reflect, and wisdom to allow his mind to think of it with philosophical calmness.

CONSOLATORY.

A few days after he had seen his parent laid in the grave, he paid a visit to his good friend the Quaker; who had heard of the loss of his fortune, but who, nevertheless, welcomed him with more affectionate tenderness than before. Nelson's heart had been sufficiently humbled by so many misfortunes; it was therefore very sensibly affected with the friendly conduct

duct of the Quaker. The gentle Rachel, also, who had left the assembly with some degree of resentment against him on account of the absurdity of his conduct; but resentment could not harbour long in the friendly breast of that amiable girl. The news of his misfortunes quite eradicated it, and filled her with a solicitous anxiety which she had never felt before.

This anxiety was augmented every day, when she found that he did not make his appearance. She feared he was not well; or, that his misfortunes had taken a root in his heart, and made him shun the society of his former friends. Till that moment she did not know

that she had an affection for him, nor believe that his absence could have affected her. When she heard of the death of his mother, her compassion was augmented; she wished to see him, and to shew her interest in his welfare by her endeavours to make him happy.

Her delicacy hindered her from shewing too much concern for him, when he did come: but she could not altogether hide it; for Nelson perceived that she did not treat him with the coldness that he had expected; and that knowledge made him happy.

Those only that have experienced the like misfortunes with him, can have an idea of the happiness that he enjoyed in the friendship
of

of this worthy family, where he was treated like a son. He found his loss of fortune made no alteration in their behaviour to him; he was rather treated with more kindness than he had been while possessed of one.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," is a very common proverb, but very seldom put in practice: the Quaker was one, however, that followed it strictly. The poor he would entreat with all kindness, but the rich he sent empty away.

"Friend Nelson," said he to him one day, "thou wilt now have the opportunity of knowing thy real friends. Had I offered thee my friendship before, thou

"wouldst have looked upon my
 "offers as words of course ;
 "thou canst not consider them as
 "such in thy present situation ;
 "thou art welcome to my house
 "and table ; make not thyself a
 "stranger, for we are all thy
 "friends."

Being so kindly received by
 those whom his heart most esteem-
 ed, he no longer regretted his loss
 of fortune ; happiness again began
 to dawn in his breast, and he lay
 down to rest with more placid
 content than he had done for some
 time. "Heaven be praised," said
 he to himself, "I now find that
 "happiness is not the attendant of
 "the rich only. If it were, how
 "miserable would the lives of
 "those

“those be, who are not the
“favourites of fortune !”

FEMALE CONSTANCY.

Next day he waited upon Mrs. Miller and her daughter ; for he still thought himself under an obligation to fulfil his promise to the latter, as he had not yet got a final refusal from her own lips : not that he wished to be accepted of by her ; for he was fully persuaded that her taste for grandeur would ill suit with his diminished fortune ; and to circumscribe her in that matter, he well knew, would make her the most unhappy mortal breathing.

The London haberdasher, who had been so violently struck with her charms at the assembly, was with her when he called. The familiarities that he perceived passing between them, gave him at once an unfavourable idea of her prudence and constancy; and her altered behaviour to himself, was so contrary to what he had formerly received, that he was convinced the business he came upon would be fruitless: he therefore resolved to say nothing upon the subject, unless she relaxed the distance of her looks and behaviour.

This indifference would have been a very mortifying circumstance to him at one time: but it now had a contrary effect; for,
notwith-

notwithstanding his resolution of being faithful to his promise, he felt more pleasure at the prospect of being rejected than accepted; and that pleasure was occasioned by his hopes of possessing one that was dearer to him than Sophia had ever been.

It certainly had the effect of making him more cheerful than they expected; for Mrs. Miller observed, "That it was a monstrous happy thing for him that he had got over so many shocking misfortunes, so easily as he appeared to have done."

Nelson could not help shewing some degree of pique, by his answer, for which he condemned himself afterwards. "Thank God,"

said he, giving a significant look to Miss Miller, "the first prospect of our misfortunes is generally the worst; for what we at first look upon as a great hardship, may afterwards appear to be no hardship at all." Sophia took this observation to herself; for she reddened like scarlet, but said nothing; and thinking that indifference would mortify him, she gave him not the least attention during the remainder of his visit, but kept talking away with her new lover the whole time.

This gentleman was one of that species of animals called coxcombs; and of the talking kind, which are so very numerous in the capital city of a certain kingdom;

dom; but which Linneus has, most unaccountably, forgotten to describe in his *Systema de Natura*.—Some of these are as ugly as bears; but have all the vanity and mischievous pertness of baboons.

Mr. Spruce was as well qualified by this pertness and loquacity to be a London haberdasher, as any one from Marybone to Mile-end. He could descant for an hour, with all the eloquence of cockney oratory, upon “the beautiful effect such a gown would have upon a lady’s complexion; or, on the elegance of a sprigged handkerchief.”—A youth properly qualified for this business, will out-talk a woman that has tired the patience

of hundreds, by one day's gossiping.

But to return to our narrative: Nelson soon seeing on what footing this gentleman was with Sophia, took his leave, without a wish of interrupting his success; which was so great, that in a fortnight he talked himself entirely into her favour. This success gratified his vanity so much, that he passed all his time in her company; and she was unhappy if she was deprived of that for half a day.

Lovers of this character are much happier, for a time, than the graver sort can be: but, alas! it is not so permanent; for the first mortification, on either side, destroys their delirium, and makes them

them perceive innumerable imperfections in each other.—The truth of this observation is verified in the sequel of Mr. Spruce's story.

Nelson's visits were now entirely confined to the Quaker's family; where he enjoyed more real pleasure, and met with more sincere friendship, than he had met with in polite circles. Rachel was more endeared to him, the longer he was acquainted with her; for every day discovered something amiable in her character and deportment, which he had not observed before: and these good qualities did not appear to be blended with the common foibles of her sex; as envy, detraction, &c.

Had

Had her person been formed as beautiful as her mind was excellent, she would have been irresistible; but as there was nothing striking in her appearance, she passed unobserved among the common herd.—Nelson was the only one acquainted with her value; but his change of fortune forbade him to hope too fondly of ever possessing so rich a treasure: fresh disgraces made these little hopes still smaller.

PRIESTCRAFT.

I hinted before, that his mother had intrusted the secret of his illegitimacy

gitimacy to a priest, who had been her father-confessor for some time; for she, unknown to Nelson, died a Roman Catholic. Gerrard was very rigid in his principles, and zealous to make converts to his faith; but therewithal so avaricious, that he would make the others subservient to his worldly interest.

A man so zealous and avaricious, could not overlook so fair a prospect as was now presented of gratifying both these passions. This secret furnished him with the means of making a convert, and filling his pocket with his darling ore. He knew that Nelson's pride would make him submit to both those conditions, rather than have the mortifying

mortifying story made public, which he resolved to threaten him with. He accordingly waited upon Nelson for that purpose; who did not remember his face again, although he had seen him before at his mother's, in the habit of a layman.

Nelson begged to be made acquainted with his name and business; which the priest refused to satisfy him in till Syntax withdrew, and left them both together. He then informed him, "that his name
"was Gerrard, and that he had
"the honour of being confessor
"to his late pious parent; launching forth in praise of her piety,
"and zeal for the true church;
"and hinting, how unhappy she
"had

" had been in her last hours, on
 " account of her son's being a re-
 " probate from that church, out
 " of which none can be saved;—
 " and she left a dying charge upon
 " me, to labour earnestly for your
 " conversion. It is in obedience
 " to that pious command that I
 " now wait upon you, seconded
 " by my zealous wishes to obtain
 " your spiritual good."

Nelson, who was intirely igno-
 rant of his mother's having chan-
 ged her religion, was enraged
 against the priest, and, after telling
 him he was an infamous liar, was
 going to kick him out of the
 house.

His rage terrified this priestly
 villain; but presently summoning
 up

up all his courage, he began to threaten in his turn;—not with bulls and anathemas, for Nelson would not have regarded such bugbears, but with a discovery of the above story. Nelson turned as pale as death, when he found that the story which covered the memory of his parent with disgrace, and filled him with shame, was in the power of this sanctified villain.

He began to reason with the priest with more coolness than he had shewn at first; and endeavoured to convince him, that the publishing the story would not affect him so much, as it would injure the memory of his late convert.

This argument had no effect upon the other; for he declared
he

he would publish the story, on purpose to humble Nelson's pride of heart; which needed a check before it could be brought to acknowledge subjection to a spiritual guide. Nelson saw what the infamous priest was at, and endeavoured to bribe him to silence: but the priest knew his power, and therefore would not hearken to any thing short of conversion; well knowing, when that was obtained, the other would be equally hopeful.

After a struggle between reputation and conscience, the latter was silenced; and he submitted himself to the father's spiritual rule, rather than become the scorn of

of mankind, for a circumstance in which he was not to blame.

He was soon after privately received, or rather forced into the bosom of the holy mother church, after reading a recantation of errors he knew nothing about; and confessing the articles of faith, for which he cared not a fig whether they were right or wrong.

Thus having succeeded in his first design, father Gerrard began to labour in another that concerned himself more nearly. He gave Nelson broad hints, that having secured his spiritual good, the least he could do in return would be to make him a sharer in his temporal blessings; "for the labourer is worthy of his hire."

Having

Having already gone so far, Nelson saw no way left for a retreat; he was therefore obliged to comply with the avaricious demands of the priest in this matter also. But these demands becoming too frequent, he was exasperated, and began to contrive means to be revenged upon the infamous religioso for this, as well as for his forcing him to become a catholic; for he had been so much harassed with the fear of its being discovered by the Quaker, that he found it a worse evil, and threatened worse consequences, than the discovery of his illegitimacy.

He now for the first time discovered this affair to Syntax, complaining

plaining bitterly of the conduct of Gerrard, and wishing to be freed from his future extortions.

Syntax was enraged with hearing of the hardships which his master had submitted to from the villainous priest, and instantly began to contrive a scheme to get him extricated out of his power.

He fell upon one at last, which he thought would amply revenge his master, and at the same time insure him from his future persuasions. To assist him in the scheme, he engaged two rigid Scotch presbyterians, who undertook to help him without fee or reward; because it was with the meritorious design of giving the old whore a good whipping:

whipping: "An shame faw my
 "faul, gin she dis na deserve it!"

A NEW WAY OF CONVERTING.

Accordingly, next day, when
 Gerrard waited upon his new con-
 vert, and was soliciting something
 towards the support of the holy
 society, *Propaganda de Fide*,
 Syntax and his myrmidons burst
 open the door; and laying hold of
 father Gerrard, they stripped him,
 and began to use nine sharp argu-
 ments upon a part that shall be
 nameless; knowing that place to
 be more susceptible of conviction
 than his mind. They were not
 wrong

wrong in their conjectures; for Gerrard gave symptoms of their irresistible effects, by bellowing out as loud as he was able, and twisting his face into a hundred different contortions. Finding their arguments had bended his contumacious heart, they next proceeded to confess him, or rather to make him swallow the confession of faith and the solemn league and covenant; which he did stoop and roop, rather than feel any more of the sharp arguments of a cat-o-nine-tails. In short, they obliged him to take an oath to be a true son "o the gude auld "kirk," and to give those three worthies, the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, to perdition.

They

They began then to strip Nelson in the same manner, and to use the self-same arguments with him that had been so successful with the other: but whether their arguments were applied more sharply (for the Scotsmen had not been let into all Syntax's design), or whether his mind was more open to conviction, is not known, but he sued for a parley as soon as he felt the above instrument applied to his *partes posteriores*; and made a recantation of his new faith, giving the above three worthies to the miserable fate that Gerrard had done before him; but in place of making him gorge down the solemn

league and covenant, &c. they made him take a vow, never to have any connection again with the scarlet whore all his life.

The successful missionaries then left their new converts to dress themselves. As soon as they were gone out of the house, the holy father, forgetting the sanctity of his profession, uttered the most horrible imprecations against his floggers, all the time of his reclothing himself.

From that he proceeded to the comforting of his fellow-sufferer, and was beginning to absolve him from the oath he had taken: but Nelson stopped him short, by reminding him that he was not absolved
himself

himself and by raising some scruples against the lawfulness of breaking his oath.

The priest was very angry at his raising objections against such a trifling affair as an oath; and informed him, that the Pope gave him power to absolve himself, or any one whatsoever, not only from oaths forced upon them, as his was, but also from those taken voluntarily, and of their own accord, for the purpose of benefiting the church, or deceiving heretics. Nelson, however, *would* not be convinced, nor accept of his offered absolution on any condition; for he resolved, since he was now free of them, to keep clear, let the consequence be what it would. Ever since he had be-

come a catholic, he had repented of it, being tormented with uneasy thoughts, and fearful apprehensions of its being discovered; which would have effectually banished him from the Quaker's house.

The cunning priest, seeing him so resolute in his opposition, was very much enraged; and began to form conjectures that the scheme had been formed by Nelson himself. He did not let drop any thing of this suspicion; but when he took leave, he watched before the house, in hopes of seeing or hearing something that would confirm his suspicions. He was not long in receiving a pretty good confirmation of what he wished for; for, when Syntax saw him go away, he went
to

to his master's room, to whom he told the whole plan of his operations, and begged his pardon for making him a sharer in the discipline ; which was done, on purpose to hide the concern he had in it from the knowledge of Gerrard.

Nelson not only freely pardoned him, but also rewarded him for his ingenious contrivance ; and heartily joined him in laughing at the discipline which the poor flogged priest had got from him. Gerrard heard these repeated bursts of laughter out of doors ; and being now fully convinced how much he had been duped by his new convert, he went home raging with fury, and vowing vengeance against the unsuspecting youth.

He delayed not a day to put his revenge in practice ; for he published the story of Nelson's illegitimacy next morning, in the most open manner ; and produced his mother's attestation, in writing, signed by himself and two brother priests.

This story attracted the attention of the whole city ; for old Nelson had been so universally known, that a story of this nature could not fail to excite their attention. Among others, it reached the ears of two near relations of old Gabriel's, whose interest obliged them to search to the bottom of it. They soon found out Gerrard, who delivered up the attestation, and promised them the evidence of himself

himself and brother priests, after he had received a handsome gratuity.

Poor Nelson soon heard the general report, but was ignorant of there being any proofs of it in existence, excepting the priest's own knowledge: he was, therefore, very greatly shocked when these two people waited upon, and presented to him a written evidence of his illegitimacy, signed with his mother's name; and insisted upon an immediate delivery of all the goods and chattels that had belonged to the late Gabriel Nelson, and threatening to try him as a robber or pilferer. Nelson could not stand the shock of such an unexpected evidence of his disgrace,

accompanied with such an unexpected and haughty demand, with his accustomed manliness, but gave vent to his vexation in a silent burst of tears. These, however, had no effect upon the unfeeling minds of Gabriel's heirs: they beheld the anguish of his soul without an emotion of pity, although one of them had been generously relieved by Nelson while he was in great distress; nay, they upbraided him with the names of a cheat and villain, and branded his mother's memory with opprobrious epithets. At another time, Nelson would have reiented their haughty behaviour and injurious language with becoming spirit; but this unlooked-for circumstance completely

pletely deprived him of all his natural firmness, and made him submit to their *hauteur* with silent dejection, while he delivered into their hands every bond, paper, &c. that belonged to his late reputed father. When they had stripped him of all these, and the clothes, trinkets, &c. &c. except what he carried upon his back, they left him to his own disagreeable meditations.

The world contained not a more wretched being than Nelson at that minute. He beheld, in imagination, contempt and reproach meeting him from every quarter: even those whom he loved most, and who had hitherto been his best friends, now appeared to desert

him, and join in the general scorn.—There appeared not a comfort left to lessen the miseries of his condition. The friendship of the Quaker—the love of his charming daughter—were swept away in the general ruin; for he could not think upon these in any other light than as a dream of happiness to the miserable, which vanishes with their broken slumbers, and leaves them encircled with real misery.

His mind dwelt so eagerly upon these gloomy prospects, that he was almost thoroughly convinced of their reality before-hand; and brought him to a degree of desperation against Heaven itself, impiously charging his Maker with
cruelty,

cruelty, by attributing to him the cause of all his misfortunes. He was at the last boundaries of reason, however, before such an impious thought found admission into his mind. In this gloomy disposition, he took a resolution of putting an end to a life that had not a fair prospect left; but which seemed equally to be the scorn of men, and the sport of Heaven.

Syntax happily discovered symptoms of his fatal resolution in his countenance, and from a few little circumstances which he observed; and therefore watched him so closely, for the whole day, that (in spite of his endeavours to give him the slip) he prevented him from effecting his fatal purpose.

He was relieved from his anxious attendance, at night, by the intemperance of a burning fever, which settled upon Nelson's faculties, and deprived him of all sense and recollection of his unfortunate situation.

He continued in this state for some days; and then a dawn of reason was given him, which made him again sensible of his situation, and to an additional cause of grief.

The person in whose house he lodged, was, like many others among mankind, a professed friend to Nelson while he had no need of his friendship; but when he found he was deprived of the means of making a return to his civilities, which

which Nelson had ever been ready to do, he saw no reason why he should not adopt the common proverb, "Charity begins at home." He had not yet been solicited on the score of obligation by Nelson; but he had a prudent foresight, that told him that he was "a poor dog, not worth a groat," and consequently unable to pay for his lodgings; he, therefore, humanely determined to keep him out of debt by turning him out of doors. He accordingly gave Nelson warning to remove at quarter day, which happened to be only a few days after.

The cruel conduct of this selfish wretch, gave an additional pang to the heart of that unfortunate youth;
and

and made him sensible that it was not yet quite callous to misfortune. He made no answer to his unfeeling landlord, but desired Syntax to "dispose of every rag he could find; and with the produce we will find some obscure lodging wherein to pass a few more days of misery.—Death will soon relieve me from that, and the cruelty of my fellow-creatures. —Weep not, my honest, my only friend; it will be a friendly removal from a state of bitter pain. —I would face death a hundred times, rather than be guilty of this man's cruelty."

Syntax's honest heart was greatly affected with his master's sorrows; and he would have cheerfully sacrificed

crificed his life to procure him happiness.—At the same time he was boiling with rage against the unfeeling wretch, that could think of turning him out of his house while he was in a high fever. He went up stairs, and taking his whole store of money, which consisted of ten guineas, he paid the landlord his demands, and laid the remainder on the table before his master. The gratitude of this poor fellow affected the latter so much, that his eyes bore testimony to the grateful feelings of his heart.

The landlord's severity was softened by the sight of Syntax's gold; and it made him so very civil as to offer Nelson his lodgings, at
the

the usual rent, as long as he pleased to remain in them: but the latter would not accept of an appearance of obligation from such an ungenerous mortal; and, therefore, ordered Syntax to go in search of another more suited to his ruined fortune.

While Syntax was gone upon that errand, Nelson began to think seriously upon another world, being persuaded that his broken heart and decayed body could not long sustain him in this. That he might discharge a debt of gratitude which he owed the friendship of the Quaker, he raised himself by the assistance of his nurse, and made shift to write him a short letter;

letter; in which he took his last adieu of him, not expecting to see him again in his mortal state.

“Best of Friends!

“It is in all probability the last
 “time I shall be able to communi-
 “cate with you; death will soon
 “make a successful effort against
 “one that is miserably decayed in
 “body and broken of heart. Before
 “that event takes place, suffer me
 “to return you the thanks of an
 “heart that is still grateful, al-
 “though it is crushed under a
 “weighty load of misfortunes; for
 “thy former friendship, which
 “once restored me to happiness,
 “alas! that is again fled for ever;
 “and

“and thy friendly, thy god-like
 “compassion would now be in
 “vain.

“Farewell! I am a beggar in
 “the world’s goods. May that Be-
 “ing, whose merciful and com-
 “passionate attributes you imitate,
 “bless you and yours with su-
 “preme happiness and felicity!

“ABEL NELSON.”

The writing of this letter cost him a severe conflict:—It was like the winding up of all earthly concerns; and, among the rest, a total resignation of all his hopes of ever possessing the amiable Rachel Seymour. The thought of this pained his heart more severely than any thing besides, and excited the
 tear

tear of despair from his almost drained eyes. How hard was the struggle to his heart! There was no remedy against it, however: he was obliged to submit to the painful thought of an eternal separation.—When he had accomplished that, he found his breast somewhat resigned to the will of his Creator.

He was no longer an indifferent man, as he had hitherto been, in the affairs of religion. He now found, that the vain conceits and pride of human wisdom could not support him at the approach of that awful period, when “the golden bowl would be broken, the silver cords unloosed, and the immortal spirit called to return to that God who gave it.”

While

While he was engaged in solemn thoughts upon the approach of that awful period, his friend the Quaker made his appearance. At sight of him, Nelson's heart leaped with joy, and his tears fell, when he felt the friendly hand of the Quaker press his, with a fervor that spoke the feelings of a sympathetic heart.

This excellent man could not restrain his own tears, when he beheld the emaciated appearance and dejected looks of the unfortunate youth. He pressed him to his bosom with the ardour of a parent, that is in danger of having a beloved son torn from him for ever. This uncommon tenderness raised a tumult of tender ideas in Nelson's

son's breast; and the image of his beloved Rachel was again beginning to re-kindle pleasing hopes; but recollection immediately checked these, by telling him they were without the least foundation; and caused his heart to undergo an inward agony that almost choked him.

"Be composed, young man," said the affectionate Quaker, perceiving his emotions, and pressing his hand, "I hope it will yet be well with thee. Perhaps thy afflictions were sent thee on a good design—to kill that pride that lurketh in thy heart: if so, thou wilt have reason to say, it was good for thee, that thou wast afflicted."

This

This worthy man was assiduous in his endeavours to raise the drooping spirits of Nelson, and he succeeded; for there was no one better calculated to do it, than the father of his Rachel.

A FAVOURABLE CHANGE.

In a few days he was in a condition to be removed to the Quaker's house, where he was daily visited by Dr. F——; who did more, for the restoration of his patient's health and spirits, by his friendly and affectionate treatment, than by his prescriptions. Both, however, added to the obliging and attentive behaviour of Mr. Seymour

mour and his family, and the assistance of a good natural constitution, soon restored him to his former state of health.

Having no income now to support him, he was obliged to part with his faithful friend Syntax. The Quaker, who was ever ready to serve his fellow-creatures, got Dr. F—— to take the latter into his service; where he lived much happier than he could have done in the drudgery employment of a teacher, which he had been thinking of following, but was prevailed upon by Nelson to drop it, knowing his unfitness for that employment.

It is an observation, that love does not affect, mutually, two persons

sons that live together in the same house. The reason may be, because they have more opportunities of discovering one another's faults and imperfections, than those that live at a distance, and have fewer opportunities of being together; for absence oftentimes adds strength to this passion.

Nelson, however, was an exception to this remark; for the longer he was acquainted with Rachel, he liked her the better; and the more he saw of her, the more excellencies did he discover in her character and conduct. Rachel likewise had the same favourable opinion of him, though her extreme delicacy hindered her from discovering it by her actions.

What

What a blifsfulltime did he enjoy with this plain family! He banished all ideas of parting from his mind, as much as possible: but he could not do it long; for it was impossible for him to live without employing his talents some way or other, as he could not always live upon the Quaker.

After many reflections upon this subject, he at last resolved to part, although he did not yet know what employment he should follow. He imparted his difficulties to the Quaker, and craved his advice to direct him in his future pursuits.

“ Friend Abel, be not in haste; “ I hope thou art not tired of sojourning with us already,” said he to Nelson.

" O no ! Sir, I have rather been
 " too happy ; I am afraid I shall not
 " be able to live comfortably any
 " where else.—All the unhappi-
 " ness I now feel, is the thought
 " of parting from such kind bene-
 " factors.—But, alas ! I must part
 " with them, though it is like tear-
 " ing soul and body asunder."

" It rejoiceth me to hear that thou
 " art again happy.—Long mayest
 " thou be so, my young friend ! But
 " I am loth to think that thou wilt
 " not also be happy when thou art
 " gone from hence : — the grati-
 " tude of thy heart deceives thee ;
 " for thou canst retain an affec-
 " tionate remembrance of us, and
 " be happy also, although thy lot
 " may remove thee to a distance.

" —Hast

“—Hast thou any objection
“against abiding in London?”

“Very great ones! because it
“would be impossible for me to
“visit a place which contains all
“that I hold dear. The rest of
“the world is a wilderness to me;
“there is no one that will regard
“me, and, alas! no one that I
“can regard.”

“Abel, Abel, the pride of thy
“heart is not altogether subdued;
“thou feelest resentment against
“mankind, because thou fearest
“their scorn. Measure not all
“men by the sample thou hast had,
“for it will make thee shun the
“company of all; and conse-
“quently every one will shun
“thine.—A pensive soul feeds

K 2

“upon

" upon nothing but bitters; there-
 " fore beware of making that thy
 " bosom friend. You cannot ex-
 " pect to find all men sincere in
 " their friendship; thou wilt be
 " be happy, if thou findest one out
 " of ten.—I have a brother in
 " London, who will receive thee
 " with affection on my account,
 " and esteem thee on thy own.—
 " He has promised to look after
 " thy welfare: thou wilt lodge in
 " his house, and be treated as
 " his own son. I have ordered a
 " friend to get ready such neces-
 " saries as may be needful for thee:
 " give him thy own directions, and
 " he will get them to thy mind."

Nelson's eyes overflowed with
 gratitude; but he was unable to

speak:

speak : for, if the idea of parting
 was painful before, it was now
 doubly so, when he found it so
 near, and thought upon the dis-
 tance that would be between them.
 He could not help reckoning this
 as one of the greatest of his mis-
 fortunes : many things might hap-
 pen at such a distance, that might
 be inimical to his love, and he not
 hear of it in time.

But whatever apprehensions he
 had, and however irksome the
 journey was to him, he resolved
 to make no objection, after hear-
 ing that the Quaker had settled
 the affair with his brother : his
 complaints, therefore, were all to
 himself. " I was born to be miser-
 " able ; it is, therefore, in vain to

"oppose the will of Heaven.—O,
 "why was I brought back from
 "the gates of death, when my soul
 "had freed itself from the vexa-
 "tious cares of life, to taste a hap-
 "piness, the loss of which will
 "make life miserable?"

He was careful of hiding the
 chagrin which the thought of
 this journey gave him, from the
 eyes of the Quakers; he rather
 appeared to be cheerful before
 them, lest he should give them
 cause to think that he was of a
 disposition unable to be made
 happy. Mr. Seymour unexpect-
 edly surpris'd him at one time;
 however, in his melancholy mood:
 he entered Nelson's apartment,
 leading in his daughter, and saying,

"See,

“ See, friend Nelson, what my
 “ daughter Rachel is preparing for
 “ thee ;” holding out an elegant
 breast-pin, the figure on which
 was Virtue leading a youth to the
 temple of Honour. “ But, ah !”
 cries he, with surprise, at seeing
 Nelson’s dejected appearance, “ is
 “ this the happiness that thou wast
 “ persuading me thou hadst re-
 “ gained ? What meaneth that grief
 “ that is painted in thy face ?”

Nelson assumed a more cheer-
 ful countenance, and persuaded his
 friend that he was not unhappy,
 although he saw him in tears.
 “ They are only the overflowings
 “ of a grateful heart, that has been
 “ eased of a load of misery.”

This excuse deceived Mr. Seymour, but did not satisfy his beloved daughter. She suspected that Nelson was still unhappy, and that suspicion affected her more than she was aware of. Love has quick eyes to discover every favourable circumstance that makes for itself. Nelson secretly discovered a sympathy in her manner, which gave him faint hopes that she regarded him in a kinder light than as a mere acquaintance. A circumstance happened in a few days, that put it beyond a doubt.

AN INSULT CORRECTED.

One afternoon, Rachel and he went to take a walk together. He was dressed in a suit of clothes much plainer than what he had formerly worn; and, being accompanied by her, spectators naturally took him for a Quaker also. In the progress of their walk, they accidentally met with Mrs. Miller and her daughter, accompanied by Mr. Spruce, who was now the husband of the latter. When they discovered Nelson in his plain dress, accompanied by Rachel, they concluded that he had conformed to the customs of the Quakers, and, with a

tantalizing air, made him a very polite curtsy; which he looked upon in the right light, and therefore passed by them without making a return.

This *hauteur* affronted the old lady so much, that she observed aloud, "Friend Abel is an apt scholar; for he has already learned all the unpolite boorishness of the Quakers."

"No wonder that he should learn so soon, Mamma," said the daughter; "for he has the light of sister Ruth's eyes to assist the inward light for that purpose."

"And the warmth of her lips also," said the conceited coxcomb that attended them; "for I warrant ye they are not so icy
" as

"as them there prim looks would
"make us believe.—With your
"permission, sister Ruth," said
he, conceitedly strutting up to her,
"I will make bold to try whether
"they be made of flesh and
"blood."

This threatened insult made the
sweet girl burst into tears. Nelson,
at sight of these, which added in-
dignation to his contempt, forget-
ting he was in a public place,
snatched a cane out of a gentle-
man's hand that was passing, with
which he belaboured the insolent
puppy till he forced him to roar
out murder with all his might.

Those who had been witnesses
of the insult, commended him
for his spirit, and hoped the other

would be taught, by this discipline, a little more prudence for the future. Mrs. Miller and her daughter cried through spite, at seeing every one take the side of Nelson, and flunk away with their vanquished hero, who vowed revenge against Nelson, only for giving him the chastisement which his insolence deserved.

As this encounter terrified the gentle Rachel to a great degree, a gentleman who perceived it, offered her and Nelson the use of his carriage; which they accepted, and he set them down at her father's house, after he had obtained permission to call upon her next day.

A RIVAL.

A RIVAL.

This gentleman, whose name was Thornton, was struck with the expressive features of Rachel, notwithstanding her unadorned appearance: he had never been affected with the bewitching passions till he saw her, although he had been a constant attender at polite resorts, and often tempted, by the smiling charms of conscious beauty, to list himself in their service. In asking permission to call upon the Quakers next day, he had only the view of acting the part of a polite gentleman, who thinks himself obliged to inquire after the health of a lady, although
she

she may have only affected illness on purpose to procure another visit from a lover for whom she has a secret liking.

After visiting her next day, however, he found he could not get her out of his head, nor keep himself from visiting her the following day; although she affected no airs of ill health to make him continue them.

These visits became habitual to him without design; and his behaviour, by degrees, unknown to himself, discovered to the quick-sighted Nelson, what a formidable rival he had got; who thereupon began to feel those pangs of jealousy, which naturally accompany the fears of losing the most beloved

loved object of our affections, by having it taken from us by superior attractions. He attentively watched the looks of Rachel, yet could not discover in them any partiality for his rival; but saw enough to flatter him with the hopes of being the favoured lover himself: for, after the encounter with Spruce, she certainly regarded Nelson with more partiality than she had done before. But his new-raised jealousy blinded him so much, that nothing short of mathematical evidence, or a direct confession of her love, could have set his mind at ease.

After a fortnight's acquaintance, Mr. Thornton declared himself her lover, by asking her father's permission

permission to address her. Mr. Seymour, after making the necessary inquiries respecting his character, granted him that liberty, and even recommended him to his daughter. Her mother also, who loved splendour, although she was a Quaker, did her utmost to promote the match; for Mr. Thornton was a great favourite of the old lady's.

What a situation was Nelson's, when he was made acquainted with the favourable reception that his rival had received! He, for a moment, did as much injury to Mr. Seymour's character, as to think him equally selfish with the rest of mankind; and next resolved to put his friendship to the test, by
openly

openly declaring himself Mr. Thornton's rival, and soliciting the like permission that was given to him.

His cooler reflections, however, convinced him of the absurdity of such a resolution. They told him, that his addresses would be the height of presumption, and would not fail to meet with the contempt which they deserved. "Though
 " they consider me as a son, and
 " allow me to use that title; yet
 " the very mention of my attach-
 " ment for her, would make them
 " recall that privilege, and look
 " upon me with contempt. No!" adds he, taking the resolution of despair, " I will never subject my-
 " self to that danger: sooner shall
 " this

“this heart burst under its despair,
 “than give cause for me to be
 “taxed with presumption.”

HOPES FOR A LOVER.

With this resolution, he vainly attempted to conquer his passion, by denying himself the satisfaction of being in her company; and when he could not do that, he forbade his eyes the pleasure of contemplating those of Rachel Seymour. The resolutions of one in love are as variable as the wind. For half a day, Nelson could almost keep to his purpose; but the next half would undo all that he had

had done : for he would secretly steal a glance, to observe if his altered conduct had an effect upon Rachel. It had an effect, and he discovered as much ; for he saw an unusual melancholy on her countenance, and heard her now and then heave sighs, which, till then, had been strangers to her bosom.

Her appearance made him fear that she was secretly unhappy ; he was anxious to know if his own behaviour was the cause of it, but did not know by what means he could obtain that intelligence ; for he was afraid of entering into a conversation with her, upon a subject that would bring him into the danger of betraying his own secret.

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For some time he was very uneasy on that account; but his reserve withheld him from leading her to a conversation upon it, till he one day perceived a tear silently stealing down her cheek. He was agitated at the sight, and earnestly inquired the cause of her grief.

Giving him a look of tenderness that went to his soul, her tears began to roll faster, which she endeavoured to hide with her handkerchief.

“For Heaven’s sake!” cried he, taking her hand, while he involuntarily kissed it, “tell me what it is that occasions those precious tears?—Is it in my power, is it in the power of thy parents, to remove it?—Perhaps they have
“pained

"pained you by their intreaties on
 "Mr. Thornton's account: if so,
 "disguise not the truth, for they
 "prefer your tranquillity above
 "all earthly considerations."

"Ah!" says she, endeavouring
 to dry her tears, "I wished to con-
 "ceal my weakness from every eye.
 "It is of but little consequence;
 "therefore seek not to know the
 "cause—I shall be well again in
 "a little time."

"Ah! Miss Seymour, that bo-
 "som was not wont to be disturb-
 "ed with matters of little conse-
 "quence. Whatever it is, I could
 "lay down my life to make you
 "easy.—But," added he, check-
 ing his eagerness, "I presume too
 "much by requiring this confi-
 "dence.

“ dence. If I have, pardon a fault
 “ that is occasioned by my ardent
 “ wishes for your happiness.”

“ Ah! Nelson,” returned she,
 with a smile, but sighing at the
 same time, “ you little know me,
 “ if you imagine I am offended
 “ with your interesting yourself in
 “ my affairs. Is there any one
 “ next to my parents, whose regard
 “ I set a greater value upon?”

Heavens! how his heart beat at
 hearing this flattering speech! For-
 getting his resolutions, and the ob-
 stacles that lay between, he fell
 on his knees, and kissed her hand
 with the most extreme fervor.
 Then raising his eyes to her blush-
 ing face, he exclaimed, “ Am I
 “ then so blessed as to stand next
 “ your

"your beloved parents in your
 "esteem; or do my ears deceive
 "me?—I wish not to presume:
 "but tell me, am I indeed so
 "fortunate as to possess that share
 "of your regard?"

"How forward you are," said
 she, with assumed coldness, think-
 ing she had given him too much
 encouragement, "to mistake the
 "meaning of my words!"

"Pardon me, Madam,—Miss
 "Seymour,—for a presumption
 "which I have been unintention-
 "ally betrayed into: believe me,
 "I would have died sooner than
 "have done it, if I had not been
 "deceived by the eagerness of my
 "heart to catch at the least shadow
 "of your esteem. Let that plead
 "my

" my pardon for an offence, which
 " I never will be guilty of again :"
 and then he retired without daring to look her in the face.

Dreading to meet the look of his offended mistress, he went abroad, leaving word with the servant, that he should not return till night. He did not, at first, know how to pass a single day, being now entirely out of the acquaintance of his former companions. At last he directed his steps to Dr. F——'s, where his faithful friend Syntax resided. That was a few miles in the country, and led him by the house of Mrs. Miller. As he passed, he perceived Mr. and Mrs. Spruce at the window. The latter unexpectedly made him

him a curtsy, and he in return gave her a bow, and then proceeded on his journey.

During his stay with Syntax, he informed him of the mistake he had been led into by Miss Seymour's answer: he saw the matter in a different light from what Nelson viewed it in, and endeavoured to persuade him, that her anger had been affected, on purpose to hide the emotions of her heart; telling him at the same time of some little circumstances, which he had observed while he attended upon Nelson at the Quaker's, that corroborated these suspicions.

Although his intelligence did not convince Nelson, yet it lessened his fears, and made him much

happier than he had been during the first part of the day. It also made him tarry longer with Syntax than he otherwise would have done; for it was dark before he rose up to return to Bristol. Syntax accompanied him to within a little of that city and then took an affectionate leave of him.

TERRIBLE DISASTERS.

A few minutes after they had departed, while Nelson was exclaiming to himself, "O Rachel, let me but possess the happiness of thy esteem, and I shall think little of every thing that the malice of my ill-fortune can heap upon

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"upon me!" he was all of a sudden set upon by two men with bludgeons in their hands, who attacked him with the fury of men "inspired with revenge."

He happened to have a good stick in his hand; and their first blows not having the effect which they wished for, he defended himself with the spirit of one that is put to the extreme dread of losing his life. His blows were given with such a vigorous hand, that he presently brought one of them to the ground, and the other to a parley.

"Ruffians!" cried he, "if you had asked my purse, I would have given it." But these words were hardly out of his mouth, be-

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fore

fore a third man jumped over a hedge, and attacked him with more fury than the others had done. It was impossible for him to defend himself long in this unequal contest; he was brought to the ground, after a stout resistance; but not till he had given the most forward of the three some blows, the marks of which he carried to his grave. They continued their blows, till they perceived him without signs of life, and then left him.

A few minutes after Syntax had parted from Nelson, his heart smote him for not seeing him safe to the city before he left him; and, after a few struggles in his own mind, he returned with the intent of seeing if he had got safe
to

to the gates of the city. He found him on the ground, in the state they had left him, covered with blood. After examination, not perceiving the smallest symptom of life in his unhappy friend, Syntax set himself down beside him, and wept most bitterly — for he loved him with the affection of a parent.

In a little time, however, he was overjoyed by discovering signs of returning life by the heaving of Nelson's breast, who soon after became sensible of his situation, and knew his sympathising friend. Syntax endeavoured then to help him upon his legs; but the poor youth was so terribly bruised, that he was quite unable to stand. Find-

ing all his efforts to help him to walk in vain, Syntax sat down upon the ground, and, while he supported him, wept again most bitterly.

After remaining in this melancholy situation for half an hour, a chaise fortunately came up, and a gentleman that was in it was prevailed upon to carry Nelson to the Quaker's house.

Rachel's heart upbraided her, when she saw the effects that her affected coldness had upon Nelson; and his absence filled her with the most anxious thoughts: she concluded, that he would look upon her in an unfavourable light;—and that she treated him with scorn, as being a dependant on her father. These thoughts

thoughts gave her great uneasiness, and made her wish for his return, that she might convince him of his error. Her anxiety was augmented every minute, when she found him stay so long abroad; and she was beginning to fear that he had bid adieu to her father's house forever, when the chaise stopped at the door. Presently she heard her father say, "Alas! my son Abel, what has befallen thee?" Her heart immediately took an alarm, and she had just as much strength left as to get to the passage, where she beheld her father and Syntax supporting Nelson, whose clothes and face were covered with blood. She instantly screamed out, and fainted away. Her father hearing

her scream, and seeing her fall, let go his hold of Nelson to run to the assistance of one that was still dearer to him; and the miserable youth losing his assistance, (and Syntax being at the same time in amaze) fell upon the ground. The pain of his wounds was rendered so excruciating by the fall, that he begged Syntax to put an end to his life.

Nothing but confusion and terror reigned in the house of the hospitable Quaker for more than half an hour; for Rachel was no sooner come out of one fit, than she was thrown into another, by hearing the groans of the miserable Nelson. At length, these ceased, and she concluded that he was gone for ever. "But I will accompany
" him,"

“him,” cried she, rising up, and pressing towards the room where he was; “he shall not leave me behind him.” But when she saw that he was still alive; forgetting all her former reserve, she ran and clasped her delicate arms around his neck, with signs of the greatest transport. Nelson was in ecstasy with this proof of her love; and notwithstanding his severe pains, he would not have changed his condition with the greatest monarch on earth. His wounds were forgotten; for his arms, all at once, seemed to have regained their former vigour, while he pressed her hand with ardour to his breast.

Every one present was affected with the endearing proofs of affection which they gave one another. The Quaker beheld it without being displeased; and even Mr. Thornton looked with satisfaction, although it was the destruction of his hopes. Syntax was almost as happy as his friend: he danced about the room like a madman, and gave the spectators reason to fear that his brain was affected. Mrs. Seymour was the only person that appeared chagrined. Her grand expectations were knocked on the head; which seemed to affect her more than it did Thornton himself, who seeing his designs frustrated by this unlook-
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ed for discovery, very generously gave up in favour of his rival, to whom he offered his services..

Mr. Seymour shewed no concern but for the safety of his daughter, and the recovery of Nelson. Kissing the former, and taking the latter kindly by the hand, he chid them both for not entrusting him with their love for one another.

Nelson's wounds were not long healing, for the happiness of his mind was a most efficacious balsam to make a speedy cure; and his beloved Rachel's attention made the time of his confinement pass away with pleasure.

The discovery of the affection that subsisted between these young lovers,

lovers, did not alter Mr. Seymour's intention respecting his scheme of sending him to London; because he thought them both too young to enter into a connubial state, and two years residence in London might give him insight into a business of which he intended to make him a partner as soon as he became his son-in-law. Nelson still felt regret when the Quaker told him of his intentions; for he had flattered himself that this scheme would have been intirely given up. Mr. Seymour saw his disappointment, and reasoned him out of it. "If thy affection is sincere, friend Abel, as I believe it is, thou wilt not be injured by a short removal from
 " the

“the society of our daughter
 “Rachel: nay, peradventure, it
 “may be the means of strengthen-
 “ing it on both sides.”

Nelson answered, that he should
 be wholly guided by his direction.
 “For though I do feel a reluct-
 “ance at the thoughts of being so
 “long deprived of the company of
 “such beloved friends; yet the
 “knowledge that I am esteemed
 “and beloved in return, will help
 “to make my banishment more
 “agreeable.”

Rachel, though she said nothing,
 did not altogether like this jour-
 ney, which was occasioned by the
 accounts she had heard of Lon-
 don; in which it had been repre-
 sented

sented as a sink of vice and every
 thing that is bad. She did not ex-
 pect that Heaven would rain fire
 and brimstone upon it, as upon
 Sodom of old ; but she dreaded
 that Nelson would not be able to
 retain his affection for her in a
 place where constant war was car-
 ried on against chastity in either
 sex, and where virtue was openly
 laughed out of countenance ; for
 such were the representations that
 were given of it to her by some
 weak friends that had been at the
 Yearly Meetings. These fears
 she in some measure confessed to
 Nelson himself, in the moments of
 mutual and unreserved communi-
 cation ; in that soft intercourse of
 hearts,

hearts, which is, perhaps, the most pleasing and happy period that two virtuous lovers can enjoy. If it is surpassed, it is after their hands have been joined at the altar; and months and years have rolled over their heads without finding their affection decayed or diminished: but rather more tender and pleasingly transporting than it was at the first.

Nelson endeavoured to lessen these fears by every testimony of endearing affection; for he was now at liberty to consider her in the light of his elected wife. In the society of his amiable Rachel, the remainder of the time of his stay was passed in heartfelt delight; there

there was nothing that distressed his mind but the thoughts of parting with all that he held dear. The Quaker, who loved him with the affection of a parent, occasionally gave him such advice as he would have given to an only son on a like occasion; and when he parted with him, he pressed him to his breast with ardour, while his eyes were almost softened to tears, "Go, my dear son," said he, "and may the Almighty be thy guide, and direct thee in the way that is right! Be honest, be virtuous; but above all mayest thou be a Christian, for that comprehends all that is necessary to make thee enviable among men."

The

The parting between the young lovers was very affecting. Nelson put on an affectation of cheerfulness: but it was easily seen through; for he was obliged to tear himself away at the last without being able to say *adieu*.

His faithful friend Syntax accompanied him to the stage-coach, which was waiting. This honest fellow felt, perhaps, as much regret at parting as any one; for he would have willingly accompanied Nelson to the end of the earth without fee or reward, so much affection had he for him. In a few minutes the coach set off full speed. Syntax followed it with his eyes
till

till it was out of sight, and then
returned to the Quakers with an
heavy heart, to carry them the
last adieus of their young friend.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.